



THE
JUNIOR
HYMNAL

BY
EDWIN A. SCHELL
MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER

NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON
CINCINNATI: CRANSTON & CURTS

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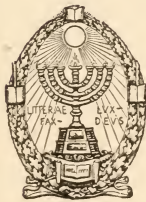
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NOTE BY THE AUTHORS.

IN giving this book to the public it is only proper to acknowledge the courtesy of Harper & Brothers, the Oliver Ditson Co., the Biglow & Main Co., the American Tract Society, Bishop Vincent, Dr. H. R. Palmer, Hubert P. Main, and Mr. Robert Fletcher, in permitting the use of many of the selections found in it. The kindness of two physicians, Dr. Rix and Dr. Chisholm, who turned aside from pressing duties to write hymns for the children, is gratefully acknowledged. Appreciative mention is due also to Mr. B. W. Williams, of Boston, for putting at our disposal many of the best selections from his *Songs for the Sabbath School and Vestry*. Among these is "The Child's Prayer," which has been sung around the world. Mr. Williams is now resting after a life of love-labor among Sabbath school children. For twenty-six years he was a superintendent, and organized a children's chorus before singing was taught in the public schools.

Courtesies on the part of the Committee, whose names are appended to the introduction, and by the publishers, who placed the resources of their extensive music department at our disposal, have been too frequent to permit of extended mention.

WORDS BY FRIENDS OF OUR YOUTH.

BUT few of the hymns and tunes found in this collection are new, and even these are not presented as musical novelties. Some selections were general favorites more than a century ago, and all, we believe, are examples of dignified hymns and simple tunes suitable for use by our youth. The youngest children easily learn and greatly enjoy the well-known and ennobling compositions, both ancient and modern, if proper intelligence is used in their selection and direction.

The light and trivial jingles and ditties which flood the bookstalls trifle with the understanding and appreciation of children. They always result in a vitiated taste, and tend to exclude from our youth, particularly susceptible to their influence, hymns of the greatest educational and devotional value. The compilers of this collection have yielded too much rather than too little to current demand.

We judge that selections have been sought in which the melody is strong, smooth, flowing, and well harmonized. We hope that this book may aid to cultivate in the youth of the Church a taste for better music, and return to common use some of the grand old hymns that were sung by our fathers.

JAMES N. FITZGERALD,
HENRY C. JENNINGS,
CHAS. E. PIPER.

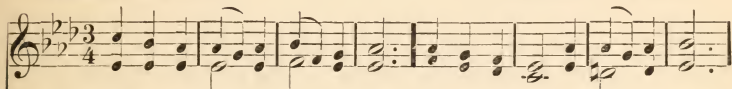
THE JUNIOR HYMNAL.

1 Faith of our Fathers.

Tune—ST. CATHERINE.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

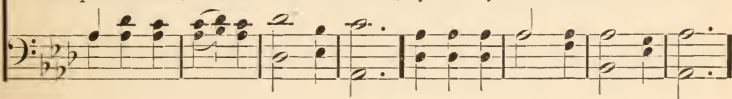
Adapted by J. G. WALTON.



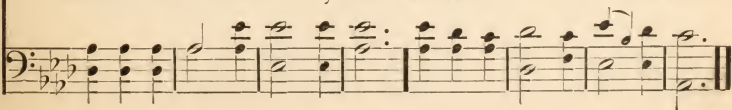
1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword;
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and con-science free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



O how our hearts beat high with joy When'e'r we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life:



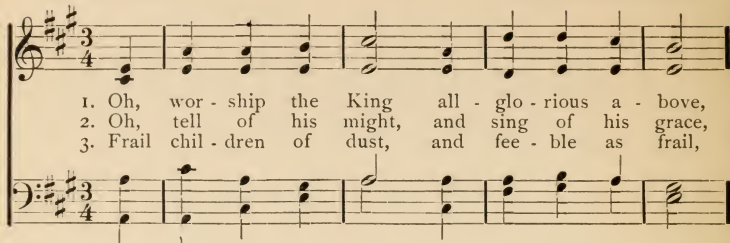
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!



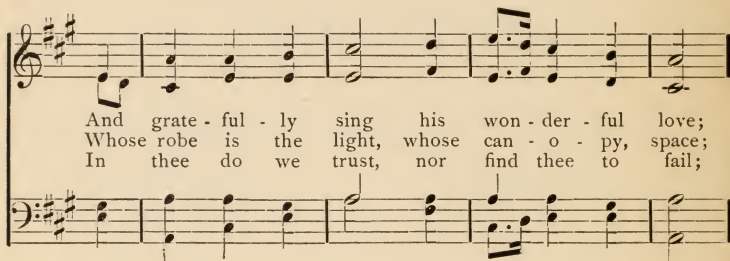
Oh, Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT.

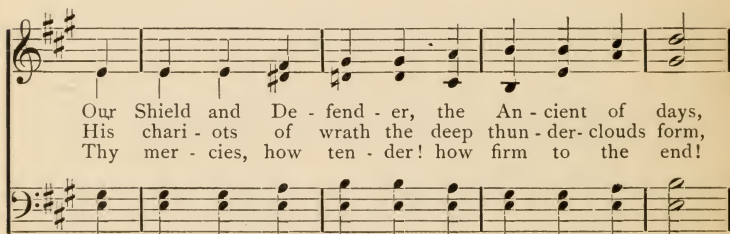
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDEN.



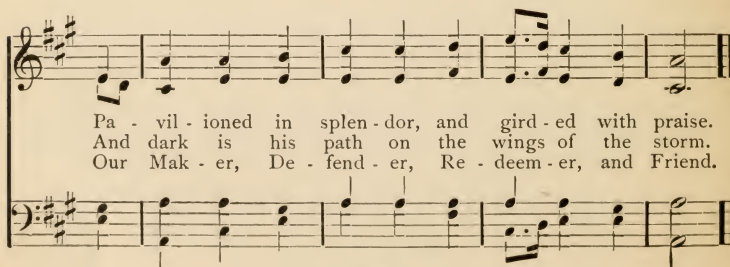
1. Oh, wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove,
 2. Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
 3. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail,



And grate - ful - ly sing his won - der - ful love;
 Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py, space;
 In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;



Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of days,
 His chari - ots of wrath the deep thun - der - clouds form,
 Thy mer - cies, how ten - der! how firm to the end!



Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
 Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

Will You Go?

B. A. CARTER, by per.

1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n a-bove, Will you go? will you go?
 2. Ye wea-ry, heav-y - la - den, come, Will you go? will you go?
 3. The way to heav'n is straight and plain, Will you go? will you go?

We sing the Sav-iour's dy - ing love, Will you go? will you go?
 In the blest house there still is room, Will you go? will you go?
 Re - pent, be - lieve, be born a - gain, Will you go? will you go?

Millions have reach'd that blest abode, A-nointed kings and priests to God,
 The Lord is wait - ing to re-ceive, If thou wilt on him now be-lieve,
 The Sav-iour cries a - loud to thee, "Take up thy cross and fol-low me,

And mill-ions now are on the road, Will you go? will you go?
 He'll give thy troubled conscience ease, Come be-lieve, come be-lieve.
 And thou shalt my sal - va - tion see, Come to me, come to me."

The Lamb that was Slain.

B. W. WILLIAMS, by per.

1. In the far bet-ter land of glo - ry and light, The ran-som'd are
 2. Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise, Round the star-circled
 3. Dear Sav-iour, may we, with our voic-es faint, Sing the cho-rus ce -

sing - ing in gar-ments of white; The harp - ers are harp-ing, and
 crown of the an - cient of days; And thrones and do-min-ions re -
 les - tial with an - gels and saints? Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine

all the bright train Sing the song of Redemption, The Lamb that was slain.
 ech - o the strain Of . . . glo - ry, e - ter - nal To him that was slain.
 ear we will gain With its song of Redemption, The Lamb that was slain.

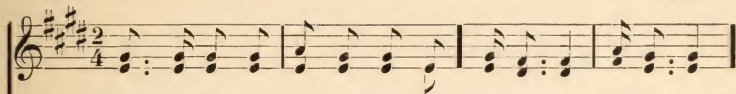
Repeat pp

The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain. Lamb tha' was slain.

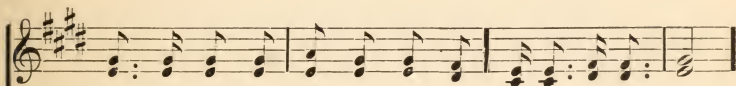
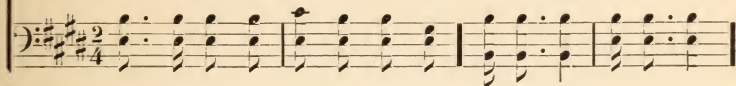
Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

M. B. SLEIGHT.

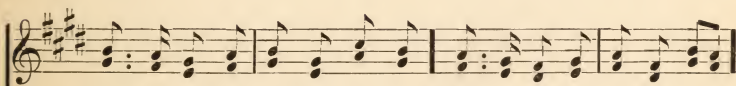
H. R. PALMER.



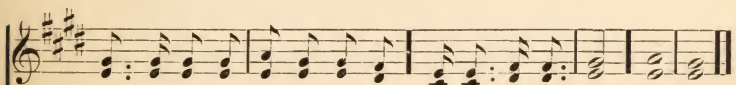
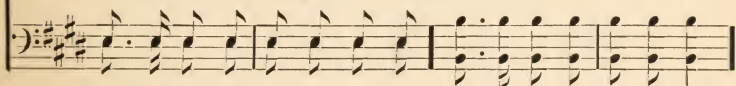
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"
2. Who will heed the ho - ly man - date, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"
3. Hark - en, lest he plead no lon - ger, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"



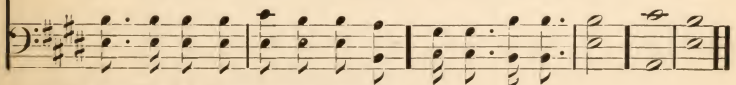
Soft - ly thro' the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
 Leav - ing all things at his bid - ding, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
 Once a - gain, oh, hear him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"



As of old he called the fish - ers, When he walk'd by Gal - i - lee,
 Hark! that ten - der voice en - treat - ing Mar - in - ers on life's rough sea,
 Turn - ing swift at thy sweet summons, Ev - er - more, O Christ, would we,



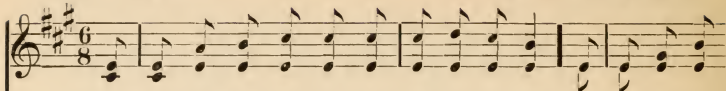
Still his pa - tient voice is pleading, "Follow, fol - low me!"
 Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly, re - peat - ing, "Follow, fol - low me!"
 For thy love all else for - sak - ing, "Follow, fol - low thee!" *A - men.*



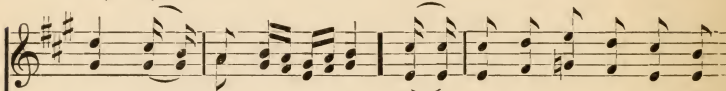
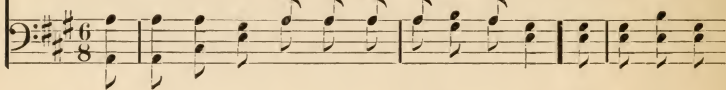
Will it be One of You?

Dr. CHAS. B. MORRILL.

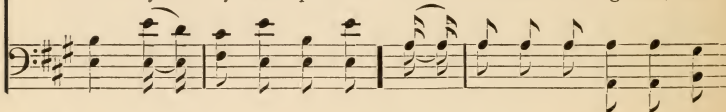
MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.



1. A judge-ship is va-cant; the er-mine a-waits The shoulders of
2. The pres-i-dent's chair of a great rail-road maze Is emp-ty to -
3. A pul-pit is wait-ing for some one to fill, Of el-o-quent
4. The great men a-bout us will pass to their rest, Their places be



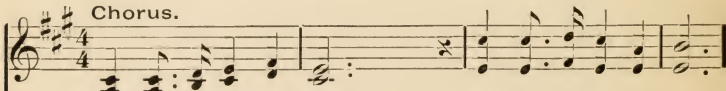
youth,—brave, hon-est, and true,—Some one will be stand-ing by
 day, for death claim'd his due; The di-rec-tors are choos-ing a
 men there are on-ly a few, The man who can fill it must
 filled by the boys who pur-sue The search for the high-est, the



fame's o-pen gates, I won-der, my boys,—Will it be one of you?
 man for his place, I won-der, my boys,—Will it be one of you?
 have pow'r to thrill; And be full of faith,— Will it be one of you?
 no-blest, the best; The best shall have these, I hope'twill be you.

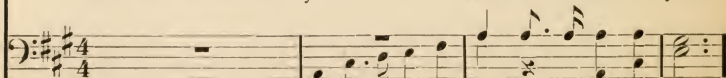


Chorus.



Will it be one of you?

Will it be one of you?



Will it be one of you?

one of you?

Will it be One of You?—Concluded.

I won - der, my boys, my boys, Will it be one of you?

7 The Christian Hero.

REV. EDWIN H. NEVIN.

REV. EDWIN H. NEVIN, by per.

1. Live on the field of bat - tle! Be ear - nest in the fight;
 2. Watch on the field of bat - tle! The foe is ev - ery - where;
 3. Pray on the field of bat - tle! God works with those who pray;
 4. Die on the field of bat - tle! 'Tis no - ble thus to die;

Stand forth with man - ly cour - age, And strug - gle for the right!
 His fi - ery darts fly thick - ly, Like lightning thro' the air.
 His might - y arm can nerve us, And make us win the day.
 God smiles on val - iant sol - diers— Their rec - ord is on high.

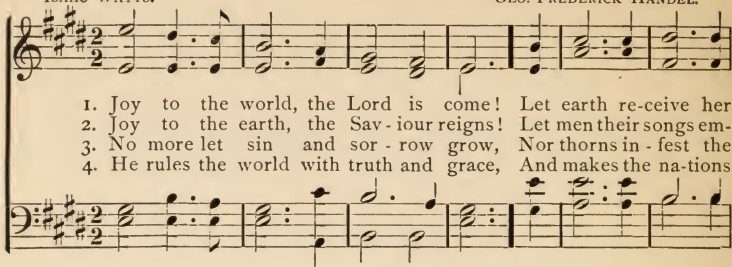
Chorus.

Live! Live! Live! Live! on the field of bat - tle.
 Watch! Watch! Watch! Watch! on the field of bat - tle.
 Pray! Pray! Pray! Pray! on the field of bat - tle.
 Die! Die! Die! Die! on the field of bat - tle.

Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS.

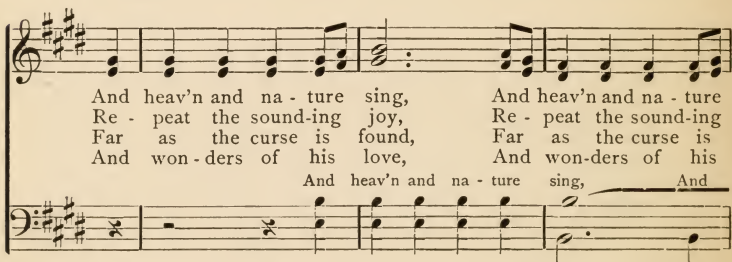
GEO. FREDERICK HANDEL.



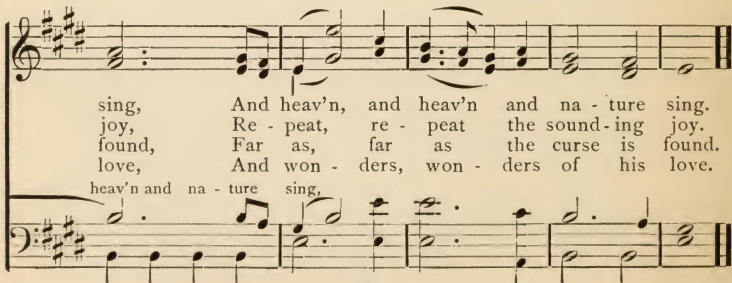
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her
 2. Joy to the earth, the Sav-iour reigns! Let men their songs em-
 3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions



King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room,
 ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 ground; He comes to make his bless-ings flow
 prove The glo-ries of his right-eous-ness,



And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture
 Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat the sound-ing
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
 And won-ders of his love, And won-ders of his
 And heav'n and na-ture sing, And



sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
 joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 love, And won-ders, won-ders of his love.
 heav'n and na-ture sing,

Seeking Christ's Care.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

1. Sav - iour, list - en to our prayer, Poor and sin - ful tho' we are;
 2. Strength is thine; we oft - en stray From thy pure and ho - ly way;
 3. Then may we, when life is o'er, Stand with thee on yon - der shore;

Guilt con-fess-ing, give thy bless-ing, Grant to us thy lov - ing care.
 Wilt thou guide us, walk be-side us, Near-er, near-er ev - 'ry day?
 Freed from sinning, heaven win-ning, Praising, praising ev - er - more.

Chorus.

O God our fath-er, Christ our King, Now to thee our hearts we bring;

Keep them ev - er, bless-ed Sav-iour, Till in heav'n thy love we sing.

I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA, 1841.

"BUONA NOTTE," Italian Melody.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger: I can tar-ry, I can
 2. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing, Oh, my long-ing heart, my
 3. Of that coun-try, to which I'm go-ing, My Re-deem-er, my Re-

tar-ry but a night. Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing
 long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y,
 deem-er is the light: There is no sor-row, nor a-ny sigh-ing,

Chorus.

To where the streamlets are ev-er flow-ing: }
 I long have wandered forlorn and wea-ry: } I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a
 Nor a-ny sin there, nor a-ny dy-ing. }

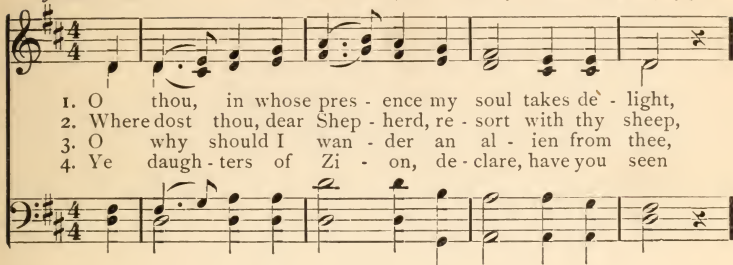
stran-ger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

O Thou, in Whose Presence.

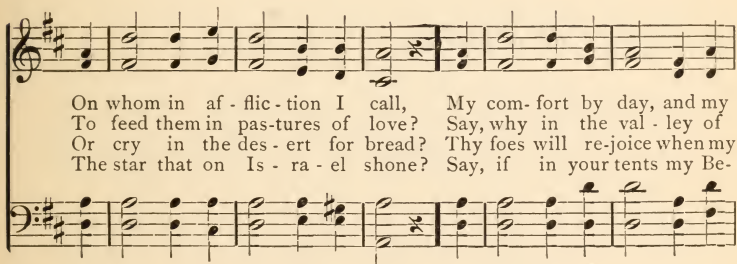
Tune—MEDITATION.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

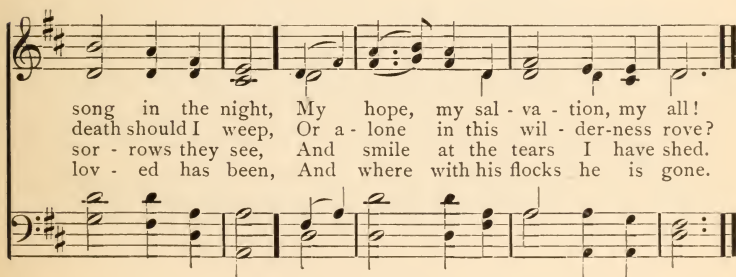
FREEMAN LEWIS, 1812. Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



1. O thou, in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light,
 2. Where dost thou, dear Shep - herd, re - sort with thy sheep,
 3. O why should I wan - der an al - ien from thee,
 4. Ye daugh - ters of Zi - on, de - clare, have you seen



On whom in af - lic - tion I call, My com - fort by day, and my
 To feed them in pas - tures of love? Say, why in the val - ley of
 Or cry in the des - ert for bread? Thy foes will re - joice when my
 The star that on Is - ra - el shone? Say, if in your tents my Be -




song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
 death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wil - der - ness rove?
 sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
 lov - ed has been, And where with his flocks he is gone.

5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word:
 He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.


6 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow thy call;
 I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
 Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
 And in thee I will ever rejoice.

Mrs. MARY MATHEWS-SMITH.

R. LOWRY.

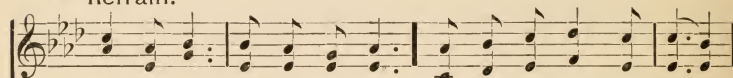


1. There is a star il-lumes my night, And cheers my dark-est day,
 2. With - out it faith it - self would fail, And love grow cold and chill;
 3. With - in its light I seek the King, As did the men of old,
 4. O bless - ed star that leads to him! O ho - ly, sa - cred light!




Keeps hope a-wake with - in my breast, And lights my lone-ly way.
 It shines, and faith and hope and love My heart and be - ing thrill.
 Till un - der - neath its guid - ing ray My eyes the Christ be - hold.
 My soul looks up with reverent awe, And hails thee, star of night.

Refrain.



O the star, beau - ti - ful star, Star of the glow - ing light!

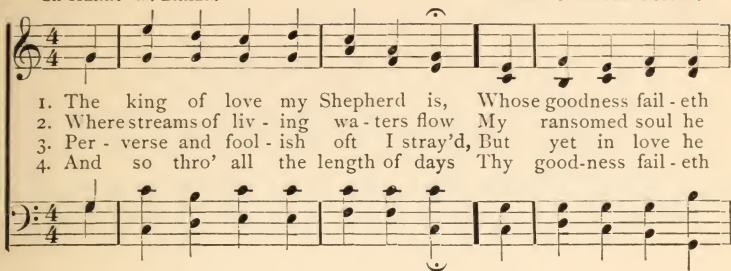


It rains its beauty from heights a-far, And brings the Christ to sight.

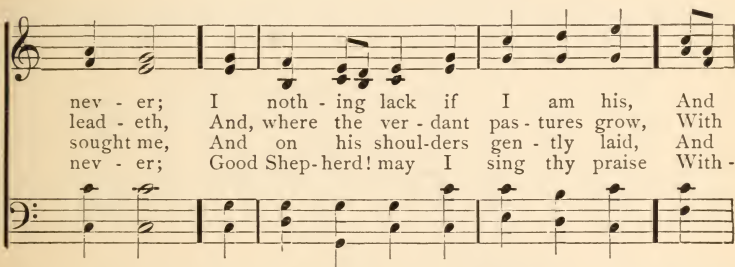
13 The King of Love my Shepherd is.

Sir HENRY W. BAKER.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

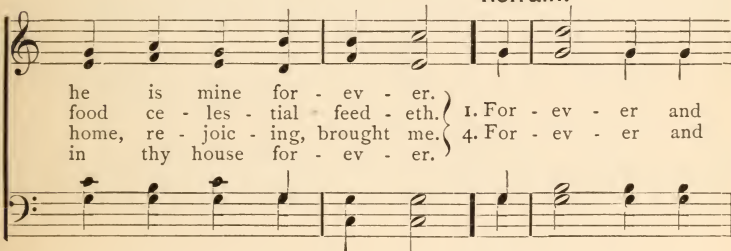


1. The king of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail - eth
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ters flow My ransomed soul he
 3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I stray'd, But yet in love he
 4. And so thro' all the length of days Thy good-ness fail - eth

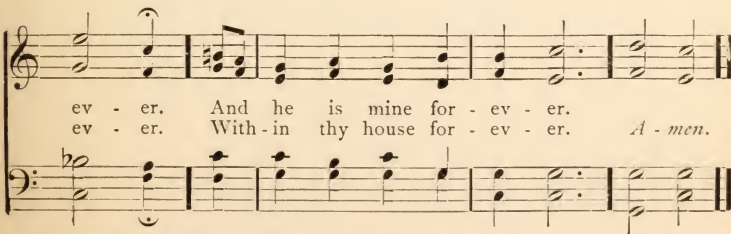


nev - er; I noth - ing lack if I am his, And
 lead - eth, And, where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, With
 sought me, And on his shoul - ders gen - tly laid, And
 nev - er; Good Shep - herd! may I sing thy praise With -

Refrain.



he is mine for - ev - er.
 food ce - les - tial feed - eth. } 1. For - ev - er and
 home, re - joic - ing, brought me. } 4. For - ev - er and
 in thy house for - ev - er.



ev - er. And he is mine for - ev - er.
 ev - er. With - in thy house for - ev - er. A - men.

FABER.

SWEET AFTON.

1. Oh, eyes that are wea - ry, and hearts that are sore,
 2. Looking oft un - to Je - sus, my eyes can - not see
 3. Looking oft un - to Je - sus, my spir - it is blest;
 4. Looking oft un - to Je - sus, I go not a - stray;

Look oft un - to Je - sus, and sor - row no more;
 The troub - les and dan - gers that throng a - round me;
 In the world I have tur - moil, in him I have rest.
 My eyes are on him and he shows me the way.

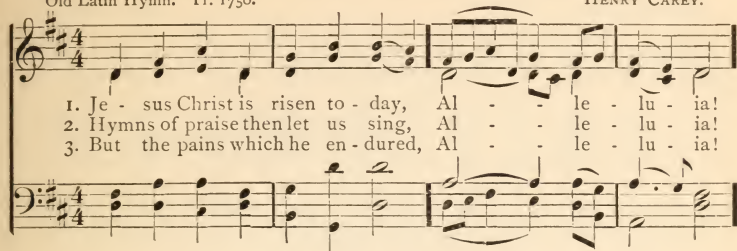
The light of his coun - te - nance shin - eth so bright,
 They can - not be blind - ed with sor - row - ful tears,
 The sea of my life all a - bout me may roar;
 The path may seem dark as he leads me a - long,

That on earth, as in heav - en, there need be no night.
 They can - not be shad - owed with un - be - lief fears.
 When I look un - to Je - sus I hear it no more.
 But fol - low - ing Je - sus I can - not go wrong.

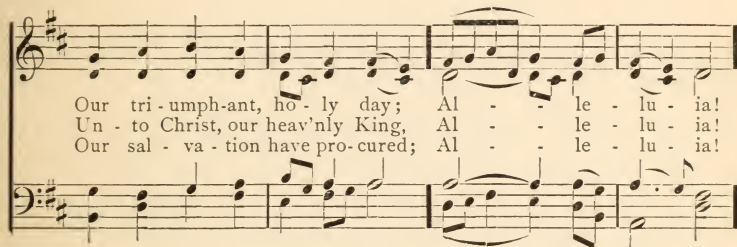
Jesus Christ is Risen To-Day.

Old Latin Hymn. Tr. 1750.

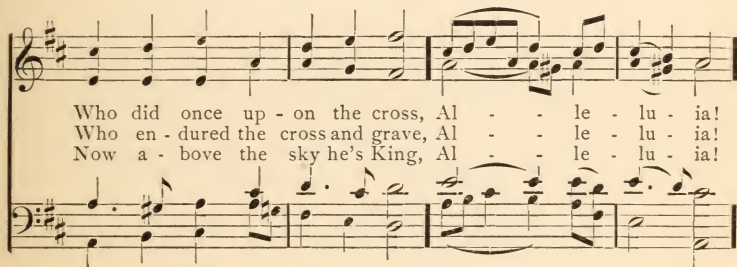
HENRY CAREY.



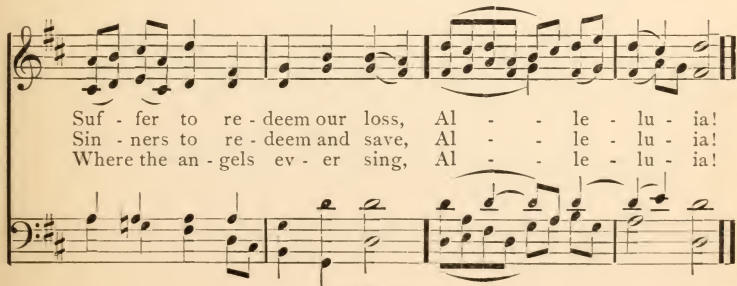
1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 3. But the pains which he en - dured, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Our tri - umph - ant, ho - ly day; Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Un - to Christ, our heav'nly King, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured; Al - - le - lu - ia!



Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Who en - dured the cross and grave, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Now a - bove the sky he's King, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Sin - ners to re - deem and save, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Where the an - gels ev - er sing, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Mrs. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

ENGLISH.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee!
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
 3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per thy praise;

Hear thou the pray'r I make, On bend - ed knee;
 Now thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best:
 This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise,

This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O Christ, to thee!
 This all my prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to thee!
 This still its prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to thee!

More love, O Christ, to thee! More love to thee!
 More love, O Christ, to thee! More love to thee!
 More love, O Christ, to thee! More love to thee!

I was a Wandering Sheep.

Dr. H. BONAR.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;
 2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Fa - ther sought his child;
 3. No more a wand'ring sheep, I love to be con - troll'd,

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - troll'd;
 They fol-low'd me o'er vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild:
 I love my ten - der Shepherd's voice, I love the peace-ful fold:

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
 They found me nigh to death, Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
 No more a way-ward child, I seek no more to roam,

I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
 They bound me with the bands of love, They sav'd the wand'ring one.
 I love my heav'nly Father's voice— I love, I love his home.

J. A. FRASER, Jr.

FRED. WELDEN.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus loves children, the Bi - ble says so; He will be with them wher -
 2. "Suf - fer the children to come un - to me," Those words he spoke beside
 3. Rag - ged and tat - tered and hungry, the waif May to the Sav - iour re -

ev - er they go, Shield them from harm thro' the darkness of night,
 blue Gal - i - lee; Not the rich on - ly his sweet message greets,
 pair and be safe; Christ once was friendless and hun - gry and poor,

Chorus.

Guide them and help them all day to do right.
 Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the streets. } Shout the glad news to
 That's why he pit - ies the waifs at the door. }

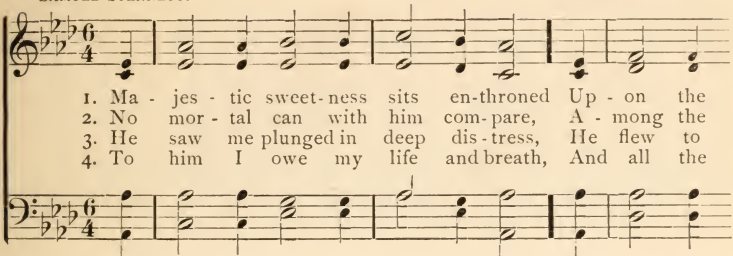
each one you meet, Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the street, street.

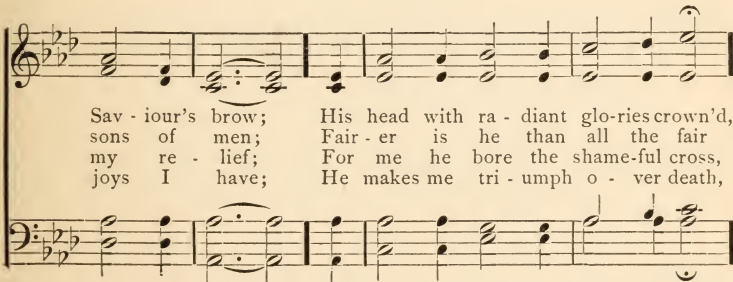
Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

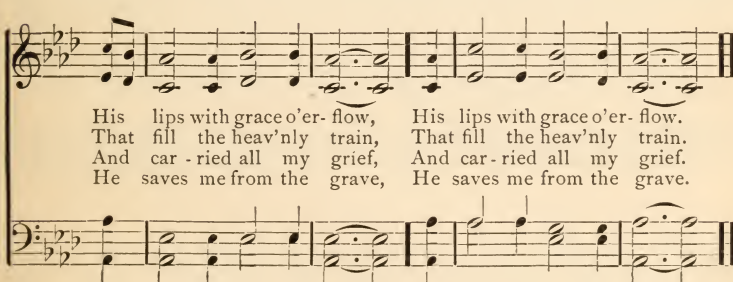
Tune—ORTONVILLE.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

- 
1. Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits en-throned Up - on the
 2. No mor - tal can with him com-pare, A - mong the
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, He flew to
 4. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the



Sav - iour's brow; His head with ra - diant glo-ries crown'd,
 sons of men; Fair - er is he than all the fair
 my re - lief; For me he bore the shame-ful cross,
 joys I have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death,



His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
 He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.

- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
 He brings my weary feet;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joy complete.

- 6 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

The Dearest Spot.

WRIGHTON.

1. The dear - est spot of earth to me, Is home, sweet home;
 2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home;

FINE.
 The fair - y land I've long'd to see, Is home, sweet home.
 I've learn'd to look with lov - er's eyes, On home, sweet home.

There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There where hearts are so endearing,
 There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are so u-nit-ed,

D.C.
 All the world is not so cheer-ing, As home, sweet home.
 All the world be-side I've slight-ed, For home, sweet home.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

Spanish Melody.

1. Glad - ly sing, sweet - ly sing, Prais - es to our Shepherd-King;
 2. Thank - ful say, this bright day, He doth watch me as I stray;
 3. Hear us sing—Shepherd-King, Who will thro' the shad - ows bring;

Sound his praise, sound his praise, In un - ceas - ing lays.
 Now be - side, heav'n - ly Guide, Wa - ters clear and still.
 Fal - t'ring feet, way - ward feet, To the gold - en street.

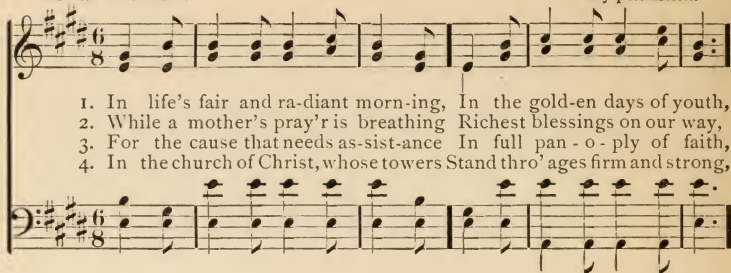
He doth lead us in his love, To the pastures fair and smooth,
 He my soul doth thus re - store, Righteousness my path e'er - more,
 We'll not fear an e - vil thing, Thou wilt thro' the val - ley bring,

Glad - ly sing, sweet - ly sing, Prais - es to our King.
 Thank - ful say, this bright day, Je - sus is our King.
 Chil - dren's feet, to the street, Of e - ter - nal day.

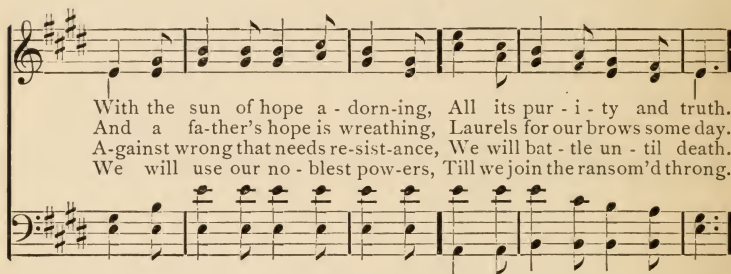
22 In Life's Fair and Radiant Morning.

EDWIN A. SCHELL.

By permission.

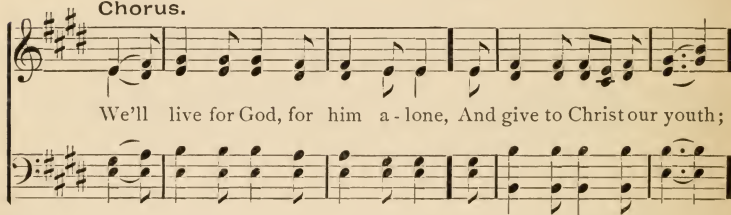


1. In life's fair and ra-diant morn-ing, In the gold-en days of youth,
 2. While a mother's pray'r is breathing Richest blessings on our way,
 3. For the cause that needs as-sist-ance In full pan - o - ply of faith,
 4. In the church of Christ, whose towers Stand thro' ages firm and strong,

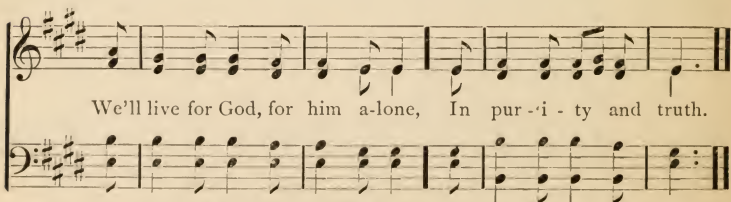


With the sun of hope a - dorn-ing, All its pur - i - ty and truth.
 And a fa - ther's hope is wreathing, Laurels for our brows some day.
 A - gainst wrong that needs re - sist - ance, We will bat - tle un - til death.
 We will use our no - blest pow - ers, Till we join the ransom'd throng.

Chorus.



We'll live for God, for him a - lone, And give to Christ our youth;



We'll live for God, for him a - lone, In pur - i - ty and truth.

JAMES EDMESTON.

By per. of B. W. WILLIAMS.

1. Lit - tle trav'lers Zi-on-ward, Each one en-t'ring in - to rest,
 2. Who are these whose little feet, Pac - ing life's dark jour-ney thro',
 3. All their earth-ly journey past, Ev - 'ry tear and pain gone by,

In the king-dom of our Lord, In the man-sions of the blest;
 Now have reached that heav'nly seat, They have ev - er kept in view?
 Here to-gether met at last At the por-tal of the sky!

There to wel-come, Je - sus waits, Gives the crown his followers win:
 "I from Greenland's froz-en land;" "I from Ind - ia's sul-try plain;"
 Each the welcome "Come," awaits, Conqu'rors o - ver death and sin;

Lift your heads, ye golden gates, Let the lit - tle trav'-lers in.
 "I, from Af-ric's bar-ren sand;" "I, from is - lands of the main."
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates, Let the lit - tle trav'-lers in.

D. M. MULOCH.

Old English.

1. God rest ye, lit - tle chil - dren, let noth - ing ye af - fright,
2. God rest ye, all good Chris - tians: up - on this bless - ed morn,

For Je - sus Christ your Sav - iour was born on Christmas night,
The Lord of all good Chris - tians was of a wom - an born;

A - long the hills of Gal - i - lee the white flocks sleep - ing lay
Now all your sor - rows he doth heal, your sins he takes a - way,

When Christ the child of Naz - a - reth was born on Christmas Day.
For Je - sus Christ your Sav - iour, was born on Christmas Day. A - men.

Youthful Mariners.

Anon.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

1. Down the stream of life they glide, Lit - tle mar - i - ners so frail;
 2. But the an - gry storm may blow, And the smiling heav'ns grow dark;
 3. Heav'nly Pi - lot, be our guide, Youthful mar - i - ners de - fend;

Gen - tly heaves the swell - ing tide, Soft - ly blows the fav'ring gale.
 And the hid - den rocks be - low Rude - ly tear the trembling bark;
 O'er the winds and waves pre - side, In the dan - g'rous hour befriend;

They sus - pect no dan - ger nigh, Cloud - less is the sum - mer sky;
 Oft up - on the listening ear Falls the shriek of wild de - spair,
 Thou, who bad'st the tempest cease, And from per - il didst re - lease,

Joy lights up each youth - ful eye, As they gai - ly sail.
 From the ship - wrecked mar - i - ner In his shat - tered bark.
 Guide thou to the port of peace, Where their fears shall end.

Why Should I be Afraid?

From MEHUL.

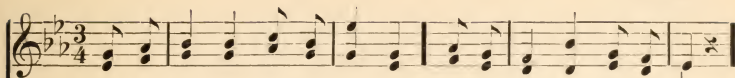
1. The win - ter winds may meet and moan, At midnight's fear - ful hour,
 2. Far in the west, the sum - mer cloud Spreads out its aw - ful folds;
 3. On, on, it comes! a - cross the heav'ns, The lightnings cut their way!

Or roar a - round my low - ly cot, Im - pa - tient to de - vour.
 And on - ward 'gainst op - pos - ing winds, And up - ward still, it rolls.
 The rocks are rent, the trees are riven, Is it the fi - nal day?

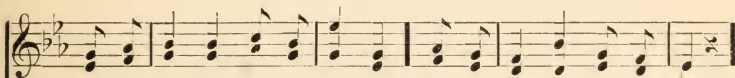
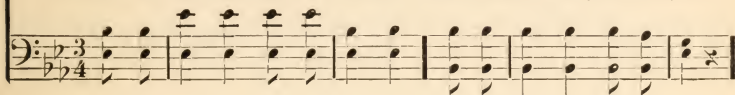
The rat - tling sleet, with fu - rious beat My low - ly cot in - vade;
 Hark! now the thun - ders shake the hills, That crash! The atheist pray'd;
 Ah! saw he not that lur - id light, Up - on the steel that play'd?

My Fa - ther rides up - on the storm; Why should I be a - fraid?
 My Fa - ther guides the thun - der - bolt; Why should I be a - fraid?
 My Fa - ther doth the lightnings guide; Why should I be a - fraid?

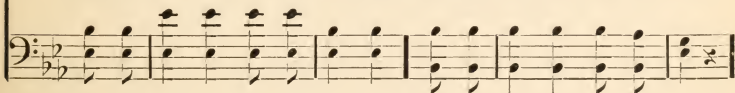
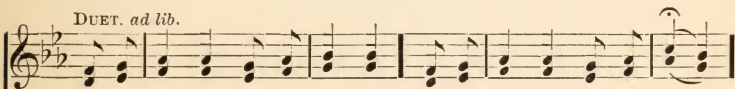
L. WILDER.



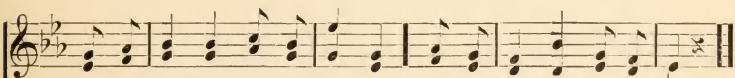
1. Come, be-lov-ed teach-ers, tell us, Can a ho-ly God for-give?
 2. Tell us, are our souls im-mor-tal? Shall we live be-yond the grave?



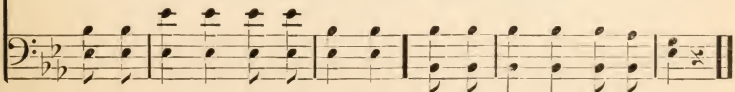
Did the Sav-iour die for chil-dren, May we look to him and live?
 On e-ter-ni-ty's dark o-cean, Can we find an arm to save?

DUET. *ad lib.*

Is his scep-tre still ex-tend-ed, Can we touch and be for-given?
 When on earth the Sav-iour sojourn'd, Lit-tle chil-dren shar'd his love;
 Must we wait till we are old-er, Ere we give our hearts a-way?



Will our praying, weeping, knocking, Ev-er ope the gate of Heav'n?
 Teachers, does he still re-gard us, Now that he is gone a-bove?
 Teachers, tell us, are you will-ing, We should come to Christ to-day?



Scatter Smiles.

1. Scat - ter smiles, bright smiles, as you pass on your way,
 2. Scat - ter smiles, bright smiles, 'tis but lit - tle they cost,

Thro' this world of toil and care, They will cheer those who
 Yet your heart may nev - er know What a joy they

meet you ev - 'ry day, Who have bur - dens hard to bear.
 car - ry to wea - ry ones, Who are filled with want and woe.

Chorus.

Scat - ter smiles, bright smiles, scatter smiles as you pass on your way,
 Bright smiles, bright smiles,

Scatter Smiles.—Concluded.

Scat-ter smiles, bright smiles, Scat-ter smiles, bright smiles.
bright smiles, bright smiles,

29 Once was Heard the Song of Children.

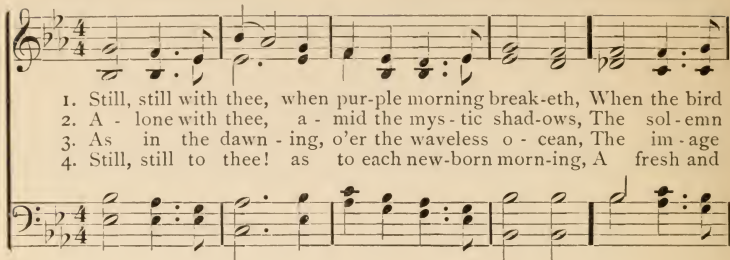
1. Once was heard the song of children, By the Sav-iour when on earth ;
2. Palms of vic-t'ry strewn around him, Garments spread beneath his feet,
3. God o'er all in Heav-en reigning, We this day thy glo-ry sing—

Joy-ful in the sa-cred tem-ple, Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him, In fair Sa-lem's crowded street.
Not with palms thy pathway strewing, We would bet-ter trib-ute bring—

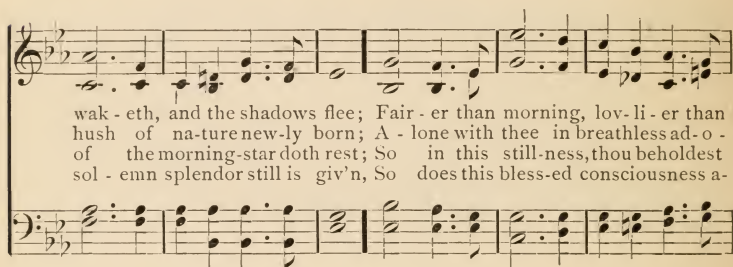
And Hosannas, and Hosannas, Loud to Da-vi-d's Son broke forth.
While Hosannas, while Hosannas, From the lips of chil-dren greet.
Glad Hosannas, glad Hosannas, To our Prophet, Priest and King.

HARRIET BEECHER-STOWE.

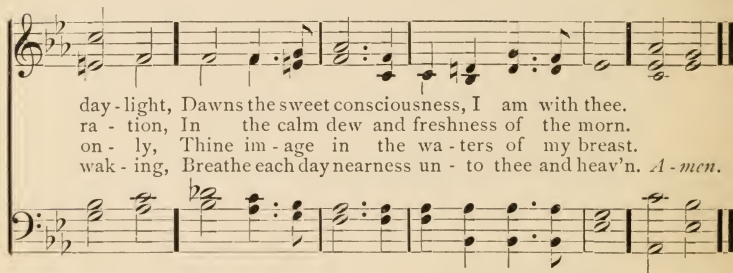
Arr. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.



1. Still, still with thee, when pur-ple morning break-eth, When the bird
 2. A - lone with thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad-ows, The sol - emn
 3. As in the dawn - ing, o'er the waveless o - cean, The im - age
 4. Still, still to thee! as to each new-born morn-ing, A fresh and



wak - eth, and the shadows flee; Fair - er than morning, lov - li - er than
 hush of na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with thee in breathless ad - o -
 of the morning - star doth rest; So in this still - ness, thou beholdest
 sol - emn splendor still is giv'n, So does this bless - ed consciousness a -



day - light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.
 ra - tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
 on - ly, Thine im - age in the wa - ters of my breast.
 wak - ing, Breathe each day nearness un - to thee and heav'n. *A - men.*

5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
 Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
 Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
 But sweeter still, to wake and find thee there.

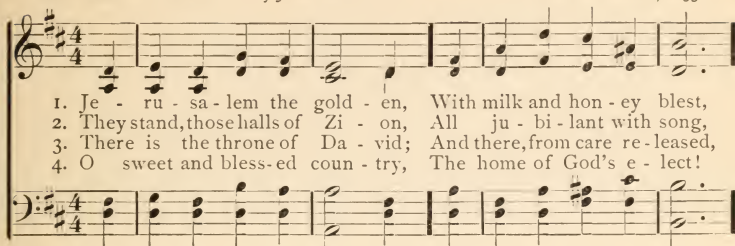
6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
 O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with thee.

Jerusalem the Golden.

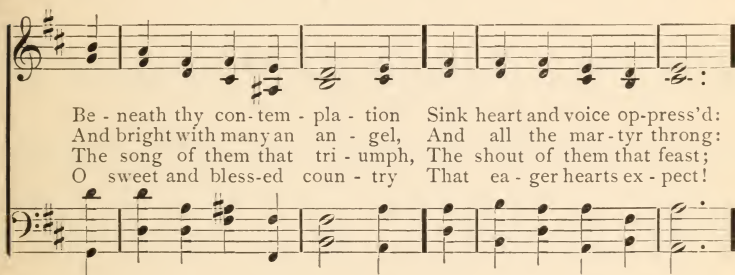
Tune—EWING.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

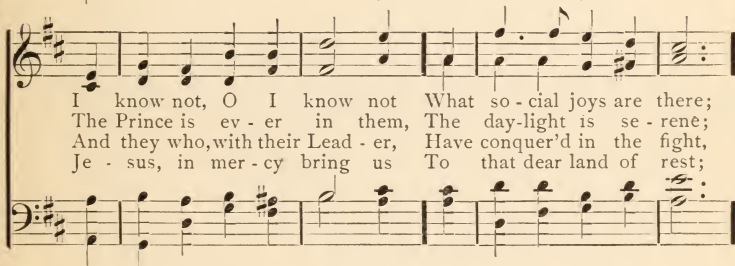
ALEXANDER EWING, 1853.



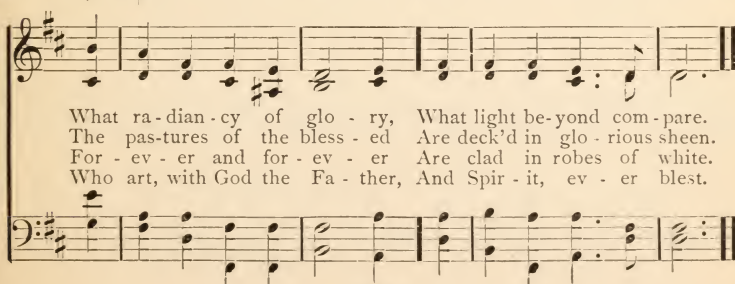
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - press'd:
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng:
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



I know not, O I know not What so - cial joys are there;
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 And they who, with their Lead - er, Have conquer'd in the fight,
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;



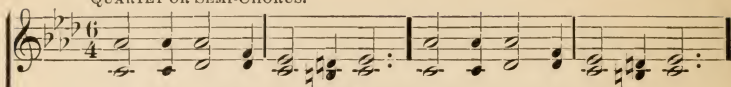
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glo - rious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

Day is Dying in the West.

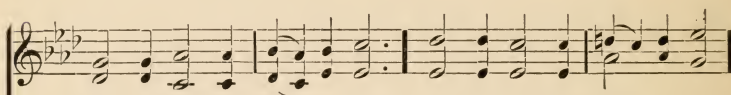
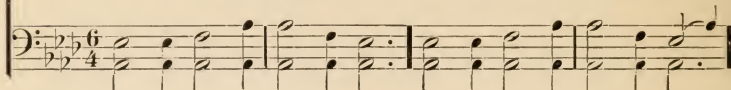
MARY A. LATHBURY.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.

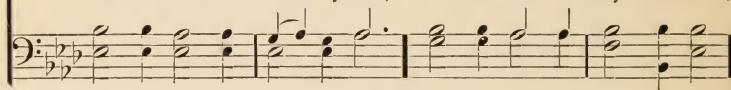
QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS.



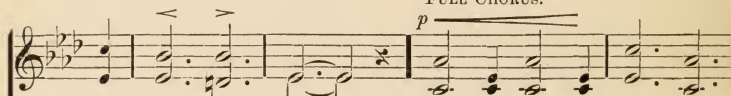
1. Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touching earth with rest:
 2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the U - ni - verse, thy home,



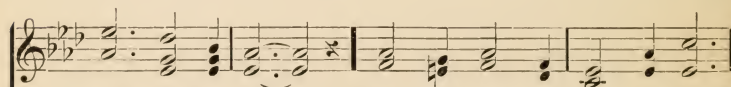
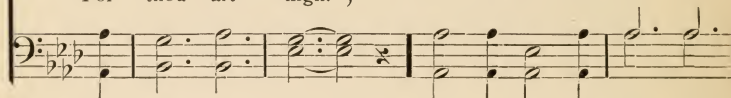
Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light
 Gath - er us who seek thy face, To the fold of thy em - brace,



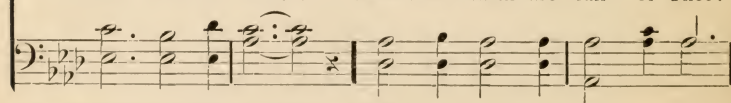
FULL CHORUS.



Thro' all the sky. } Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly
 For thou art nigh. }



Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!



Day is Dying in the West.—Concluded.

cres.

Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high!

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a crescendo hairpin and contains several measures of music, including chords and single notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment to the top staff. Both staves end with a double bar line.

33 Hark! What mean those Holy Voices.

Tune.—WILMOT.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies?
 2. List - en to the wond - rous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy—
 3. "Peace on earth, good-will from heav - en, Reaching far as man is found;

The musical score for this section is in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats. It features two staves. The top staff contains the melody for the three verses, with lyrics written below it. The bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style.

Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
 "Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!
 Souls redeemed and sins for - giv - en, Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.

This section continues the musical score from the previous block. It consists of two staves. The top staff contains the melody for the continuation of the hymn, with lyrics written below it. The bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 "Christ is born: the great Anointed!
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!
 O receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King!</p> | <p>5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name to magnify,
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 Glory be to God most high!"</p> |
|--|---|

Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Tune—NEW BRUNSWICK.

Rev. JOHN BLACK.

1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee; Loud as might-y thunders roar,
 2. Hal - le - lu-jah!—hark! the sound, From the cen - ter to the skies,
 3. He shall reign from pole to pole With il - lim - it - a - ble sway;

Or the full-ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore:
 Wakes a - bove, be - neath, a - round, All cre - a - tion's har - mo - nies:
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll, Yon - der heav'ns have pass'd a - way:

Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;
 See Je - hovah's banner furled, Sheath'd his sword: he speaks —'tis done,
 Then the end;—be - neath his rod, Man's last en - e - my shall fall;

Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.
 And the king - doms of this world Are the king - doms of his Son.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all.

Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

STEPHEN V. R. FORD.

1. Hap - py lit - tle sail - ors, Go - ing out to sea, Full of love and
 2. Take your compass with you, For the Po - lar Star Oft - en - times is
 3. Take the Liv - ing Wa - ter, For the seas are brine, You could nev - er

laugh - ter, Hoist your flags with glee. While the morning breezes Sing a
 hid - den, And the way is far; Ask on board the Pi - lot, For he
 drink them, Tho' so clear they shine; Sure - ly take the an - chor, It would

round - e - lay, Join your voic - es with them Thro' the ris - ing spray.
 knows the shoals, He who made the o - cean, All its rage con - trols.
 nev - er do To sail far with - out it All the sur - ges through.

4 Broader seas and deeper,
 Farther from the shore,
 Go, ye little sailors,
 Where the breakers roar,
 To the heavenly country!
 Spread the snow-white sail,
 O'er the waters wafed
 Angels you will hail.

5 Happy little sailors!
 Jesus is the star,
 Jesus is the Pilot,
 To the land afar;
 Listen! for he calls you,
 Happy shall you be,
 Till you drop the anchor
 In the golden sea.

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

Tune—CHRISTUS VICTOR.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the
2. At the sign of tri-umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then,
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers,

cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al
Christian sol-diers, On to vic-to-ry! Hell's foun-da-tions
we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-

Mas-ter, Leads a-against the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle,
quiv-er At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voic-es,
vid-ed, All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc-trine,

Chorus.

See, his ban-ners go! Loud your anthems raise. One in char-i-ty. } On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching

Onward, Christian Soldiers!—Concluded.

as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—*Cho.*

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.—*Cho.*

37 Hosanna! be the Children's Song.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Tune—ARLINGTON.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

1. Ho - san - na! be the children's song, To Christ, the children's King;
2. Ho - san - na! sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain,
3. Ho - san - na! on the wings of light, O'er earth and o - cean fly,
4. Ho - san - na! then, our song shall be; Ho - san - na to our King!

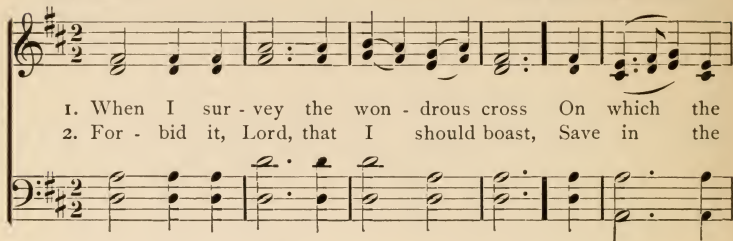
His praise, to whom our souls be-long, Let all the chil-dren sing.
While loud-er, sweet-er, clear-er still, Wood-seh-o to the strain.
Till morn to eve, and noon to night, And heav'n to earth, re - ply.
This is the children's ju - bi - lee; Let all the chil-dren sing.

38 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Tune—EUCARIST.

ISAAC WATTS.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the



Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that



count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

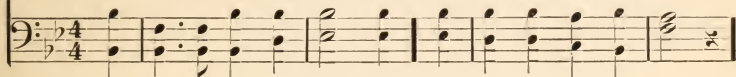
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

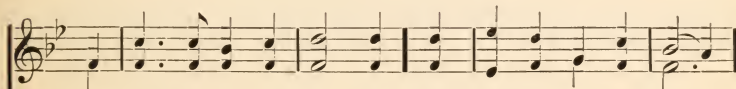
Tune—WEBB.



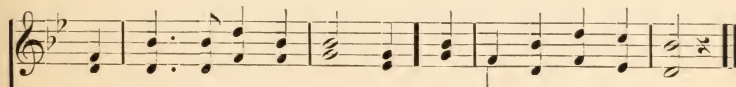
1. Ho! reap-ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust-ed blade,
2. Mount up the heights of wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low,



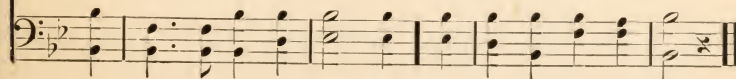
Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be - gins to fade?
 Keep back no words of knowl - edge That human hearts should know.

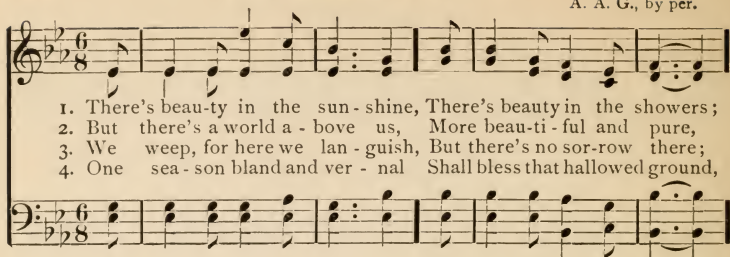


Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For reap-ers more to come?
 Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In serv - ice to the Lord,

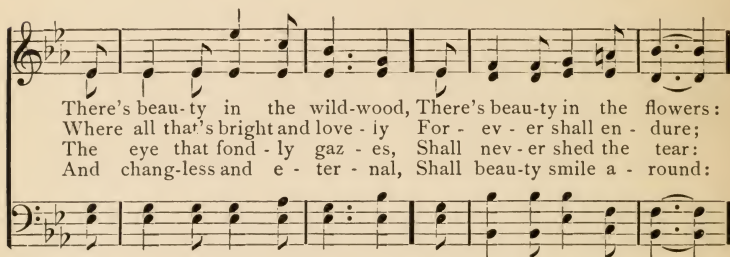


The gold - en morn is pass - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
 And in the gold-en har - vest Shall be thy great re - ward.

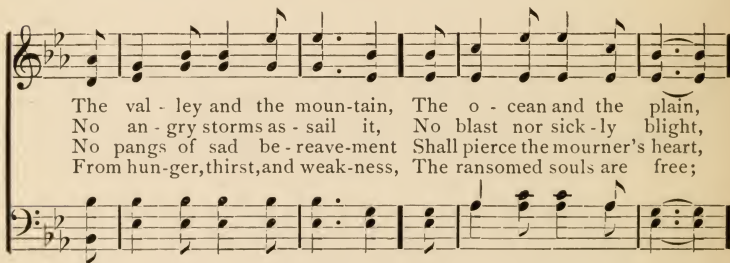




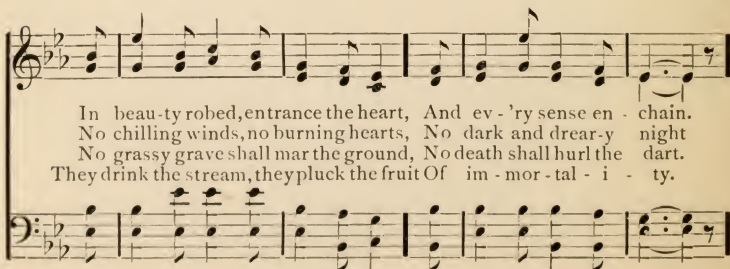
1. There's beau-ty in the sun-shine, There's beauty in the showers;
 2. But there's a world a - bove us, More beau-ti - ful and pure,
 3. We weep, for here we lan - guish, But there's no sor-row there;
 4. One sea - son bland and ver - nal Shall bless that hallowed ground,



There's beau-ty in the wild-wood, There's beau-ty in the flowers:
 Where all that's bright and love - ly For - ev - er shall en - dure;
 The eye that fond - ly gaz - es, Shall nev - er shed the tear:
 And chang-less and e - ter - nal, Shall beau-ty smile a - round:



The val - ley and the moun-tain, The o - cean and the plain,
 No an - gry storms as - sail it, No blast nor sick - ly blight,
 No pangs of sad be - reave-ment Shall pierce the mourner's heart,
 From hun-ger, thirst, and weak-ness, The ransomed souls are free;



In beau-ty robed, entrance the heart, And ev - 'ry sense en - chain.
 No chilling winds, no burning hearts, No dark and drear-y night
 No grassy grave shall mar the ground, No death shall hurl the dart.
 They drink the stream, they pluck the fruit Of im - mor - tal - i - ty.

The Beautiful World.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Beau-ti-ful world, beau-ti-ful world, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful world ;

Beau-ti-ful world, beau-ti-ful world, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful world.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The second system is similar. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the staves.

41 Christ the Lord is Risen To-Day.

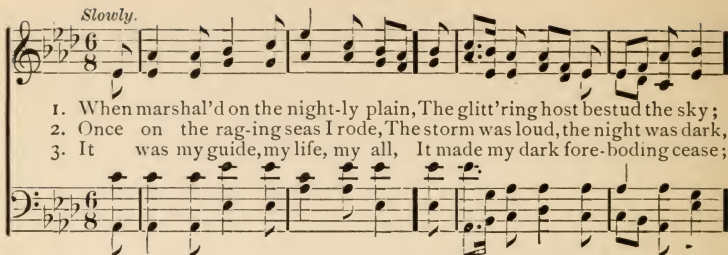
CHARLES WESLEY, 1743.

N. B. WARREN, Mus. Doc.

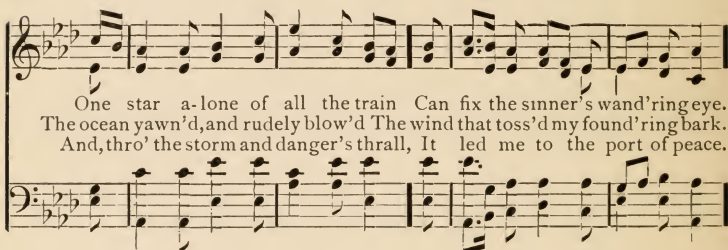
1. Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say:
 2. Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Fought the fight, the vic-t'ry won:
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
 4. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Fol-l'wing our ex-alt-ed Head ;

Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'n's; thou earth, reply.
 Je sus' ag-o-ny is o'er, Darkness veils the earth no more.
 Death in vain for-bids him rise, Christ hath o-pened Par-a-dise.
 Made like him, like him we rise, Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Amen.

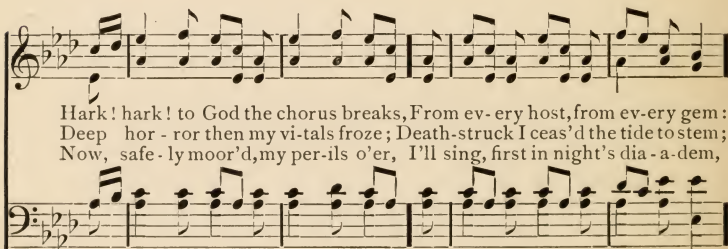
The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The second system is similar. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Slowly.


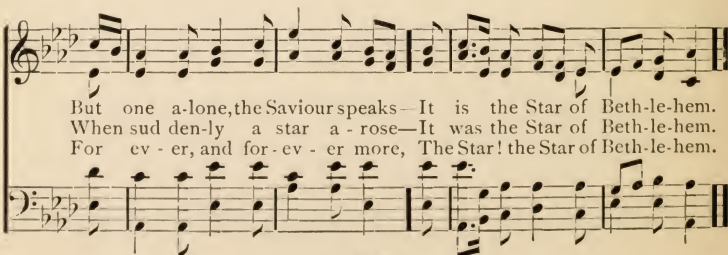
1. When marshal'd on the night-ly plain, The glitt'ring host bestud the sky;
 2. Once on the rag-ing seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 3. It was my guide, my life, my all, It made my dark fore-boding cease;



One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
 And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.



Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev-ery host, from ev-ery gem:
 Deep hor - ror then my vi-tals froze; Death-struck I ceas'd the tide to stem;
 Now, safe-ly moor'd, my per-ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's dia-a-dem,



But one a-lone, the Saviour speaks—It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.
 When sud den-ly a star a-rose—It was the Star of Beth-le-hem.
 For ev - er, and for ev - er more, The Star! the Star of Beth-le-hem.

Jesus was Once a Little Child.

1. Je - sus was once a lit - tle child, A lit - tle
 2. Once he was just the age I am, And just as
 3. And yet, though he was once a child, He is the

child like me; Was cra - dled in his moth - er's
 help - less, too; He used to sleep, and walk, and
 God of all, And an - gel hosts be - fore his

arms, And sat up - on her knee.
 speak Just as all chil - dren do.
 throne, In low - ly wor - ship fall. A - men.

4 And why was it he chose to be
 A child so poor and weak?
 It was that I might learn from him,
 How blessed are the meek.

5 It was that I might learn from him,
 My parents to obey,
 And like the child of Nazareth,
 Grow holier every day.

Rev. GEORGE GILL, 1850.

T. J. COOK.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful cit-y
 2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n, where all is light; Beau-ti-ful an-gels

that I love; Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau-ti-ful
 clothed in white; Beau-ti-ful strains that nev-er tire; Beau-ti-ful

tem-ple—God its light. He who was slain on Cal-va-ry,
 harps thro' all the choir— There shall I join the cho-rus sweet,

Refrain.

O-pens those pearl-y gates to me. } Zi-on, Zi-on,
 Wor-ship-ing at the Sav-iour's feet. }

Beautiful Zion, built Above.—Concluded.

Repeat pp.

love - ly Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, cit - y of our God.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there—
 Thither I press with eager feet;
 There shall my rest belong and sweet.</p> | <p>4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing;
 Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease;
 Beautiful home of perfect peace—
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
 Haste to his heavenly home with me.</p> |
|---|---|

45 By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

BISHOP HEBER, 1812.

Tune—SILOAM.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1842.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How sweet the lil - y grows!
 2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod:
 3. O thou, whose in - fant feet were found With - in thy Father's shrine,
 4. De - pend - ent on thy bounteous breath, We seek thy grace a - lone,

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose!
 Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned, Were all a - like di - vine;
 In childhood, man - hood, age and death, To keep us still thine own.

Sparkling and Bright.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

1. Spark-ling and bright, in its li- quid light, Is the wa- ter
 2. Bet- ter than gold is the wa- ter cold, From the crys- tal
 3. Sor- row has fled from hearts that bled, Of the weep- ing

in our glass- es; 'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
 foun- tain flow- ing; A calm de- light, both day and night,
 wife and moth- er, They have giv'n up the poi-son'd cup,

Chorus.

Ye lads and ro- sy lass- es! }
 To hap- py homes be- stow- ing: } Oh, then re-sign your
 Son, hus- band, daugh-ter, broth- er.

ru- by wine, Each smil- ing son and daugh-ter, There's nothing so

From "Franklin-Square Song Collection." Used by per. of Harper & Bros.

Sparkling and Bright.—Concluded.

good for the youth-ful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa - ter.

47

The Breath of Prayer.

Andante.

S. B. BALL.

1. The breath of pray'r hath fra-gran-cy, Like sum-mer fruits and flow'rs,
2. The long-ings of the new-born soul, When by the tongue ex-press'd,
3. 'Tis thus the Sav-iour doth re-gard The hum-ble, *si-lent* pray'r;

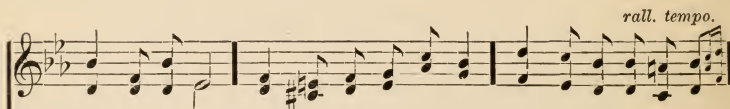
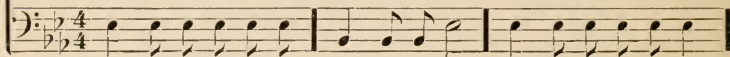
Shed-ding a ha-lo bright, up-on De-votion's ho-ly hours;
Are like the choic-est wine, which first In-to the cup is press'd;
And thus the *spo-ken* words of praise Sound in his gra-cious ear;

ritard.
It go-eth up like sparkling mist From streams by gentlest zephyrs kiss'd.
That wine which heaviest grief allays, And o-pens sleep-ing lips to praise.
Then let us strive by *tho't* and *word*, To glo-ri-fy our ris-en Lord.

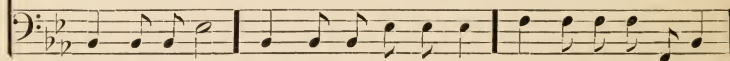
Kind Words Can Never Die.



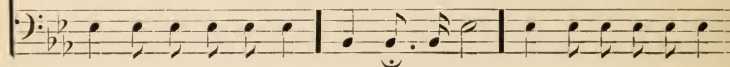
1. Kind words can never die, Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
2. Child - hood can never die—Wrecks of the past Float o'er the mem-o - ry,
3. Sweet tho'ts can never die, Tho', like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly
4. Our souls can nev - er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie,



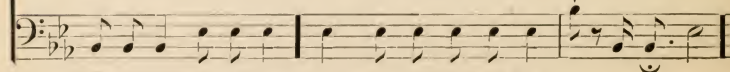
Lodged in the breast; Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,
Bright to the last. Ma - ny a hap-py thing, Ma - ny a dai-sy spring,
In win-try hours. But when the gentle dew Gives them their charms anew,
Wrapt in its gloom. What though the flesh decay, Souls pass in peace away,



Go through all years and climes, The heart to cheer. Kind words can never die,
Floats on time's ceaseless wing, Far, far a - way. Child - hood can never die,
With many an add - ed hue, They bloom again. Sweet tho'ts can never die,
Live through e - ter - nal day With Christ above. Our souls can never die,



nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.
nev - er die, nev - er die, Child - hood can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.
nev - er die, nev - er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.
nev - er die, nev - er die, Our souls can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.

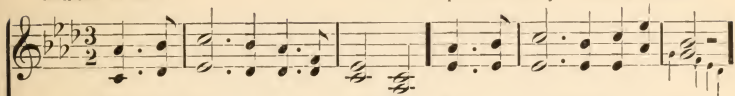


Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling.

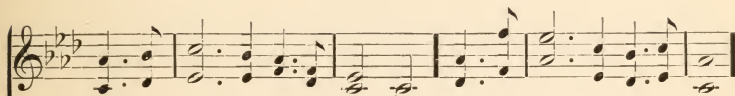
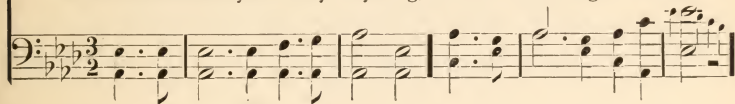
Tune—AUTUMN.

DANIEL MARCH.

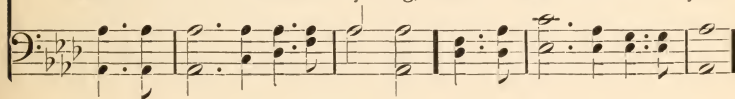
Spanish Melody. From MARECHIO.



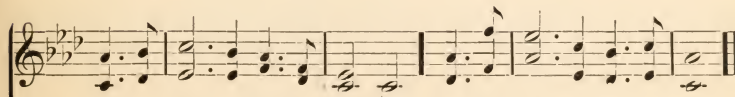
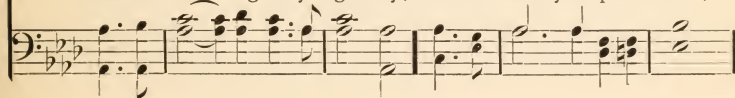
1. Hark, the voice of Je-sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to-day?"
2. Let none hear you i-dly say-ing, "There is noth-ing I can do,"



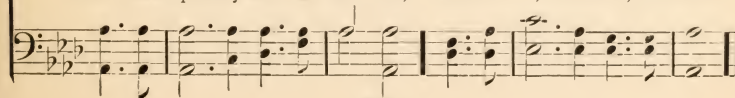
Fields are white, and harvests wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves away?"
While the souls of men are dy-ing, And the Mas-ter calls for you:



Loud and long the Master call-eth, Rich re-ward he of-fers free;
Take the task he gives you glad-ly; Let his work your pleasure be;

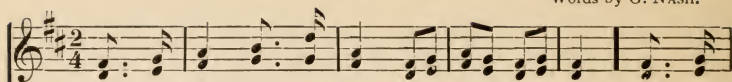


Who will an-swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, send me, send me?"
An-swer quickly when he call-eth, "Here am I, send me, send me."

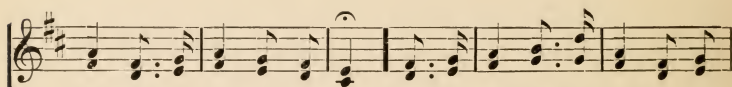
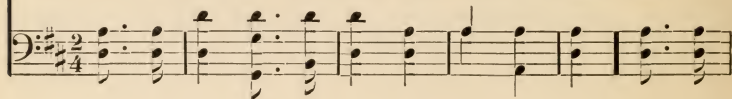


Tune—KEMP.

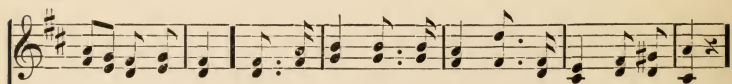
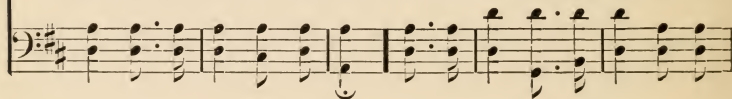
Words by G. NASH.



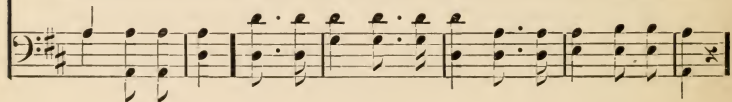
1. There's a voice in the air, a still small voice, And it
 2. 'Tis the voice of our Father, from heav'n it comes, And it



comes to our ear while we play; In the morn-ing it comes, tho' we
 finds us wher-ev - er we stray; In the field or the town, in the

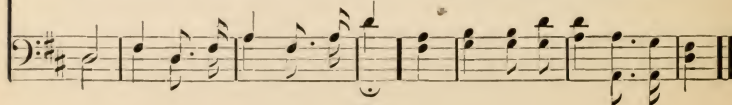


heed not the sound, And at noon and at eve-ning it fol-lows us round;
 house or the street, Whether wel-come or not, the same ac-cents we meet;



"Go work in my vine-yard to-day; Go work in my vine-yard to-day."

"Go work in my vine-yard to-day; Go work in my vine-yard to-day."



There's a Voice in the Air.—Concluded.

- 3 'Tis our Father who calls; he calls us in love;
 Let us hasten that call to obey;
 He has given us life and each good we enjoy;
 Let us then for his love all our efforts employ,
 We'll work in his vineyard to-day.
- 4 All blessings come down from his throne in the sky;
 All he asks is that we should obey:
 He has saved us from death; when life's journey shall end,
 He will love us for ever, our Saviour and Friend;
 We'll work in his vineyard to-day.

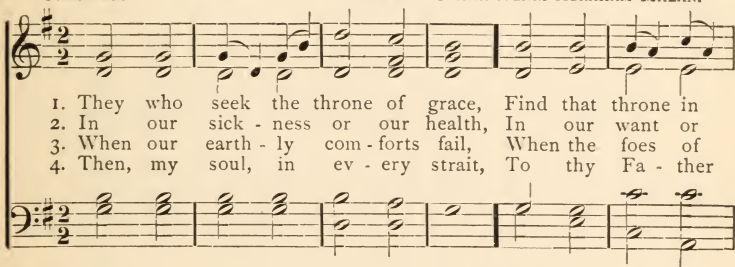
51

God Everywhere.

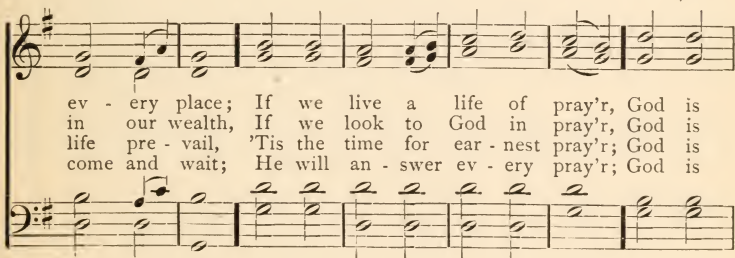
Tune—HENDON.

UNKNOWN.

From Rev. CÆSAR HENRI ABRAHAM MALAN.



1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in
 2. In our sick - ness or our health, In our want or
 3. When our earth - ly com - forts fail, When the foes of
 4. Then, my soul, in ev - ery strait, To thy Fa - ther



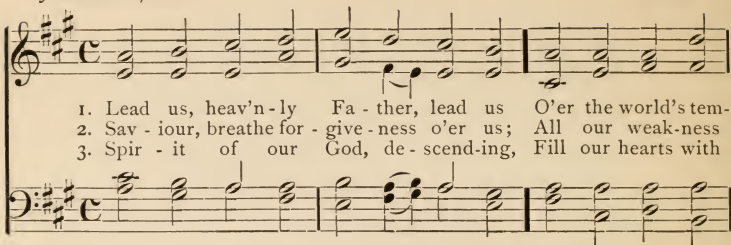
ev - ery place; If we live a life of pray'r, God is
 in our wealth, If we look to God in pray'r, God is
 life pre - vail, 'Tis the time for ear - nest pray'r; God is
 come and wait; He will an - swer ev - ery pray'r; God is



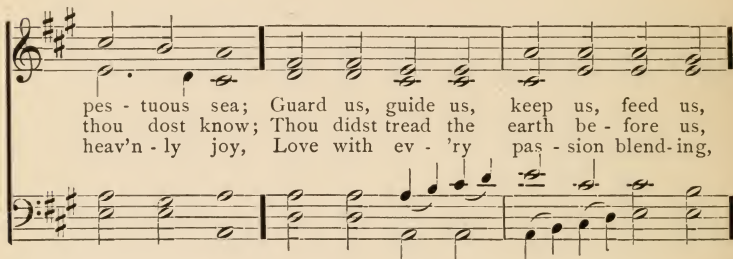
pres - ent ev - ery - where, God is pres - ent ev - ery - where.
 pres - ent ev - ery - where, God is pres - ent ev - ery - where.
 pres - ent ev - ery - where, God is pres - ent ev - ery - where.
 pres - ent ev - ery - where, God is pres - ent ev - ery - where.

J. EDMESTON, 1820.

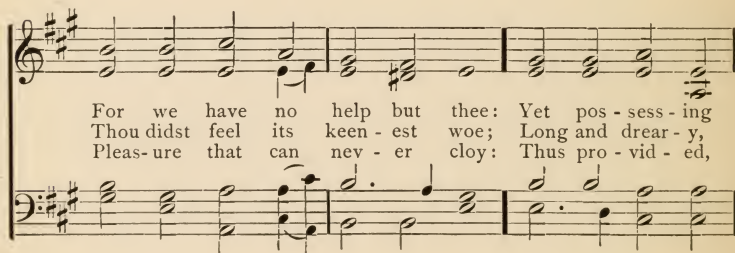
HAYDN.



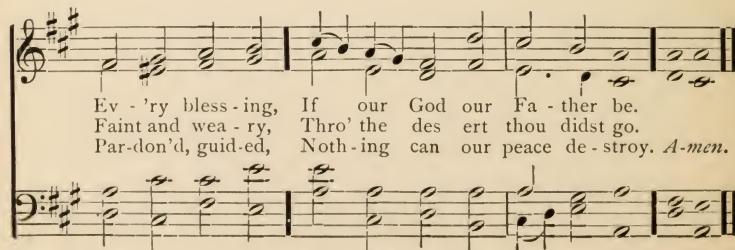
1. Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-
 2. Sav-iour, breathe for-give-ness o'er us; All our weak-ness
 3. Spir-it of our God, de-scend-ing, Fill our hearts with



pes-tuous sea; Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 thou dost know; Thou didst tread the earth be-fore us,
 heav'n-ly joy, Love with ev-'ry pas-sion blend-ing,



For we have no help but thee: Yet pos-sess-ing
 Thou didst feel its keen-est woe; Long and drear-y,
 Pleas-ure that can nev-er cloy: Thus pro-vid-ed,



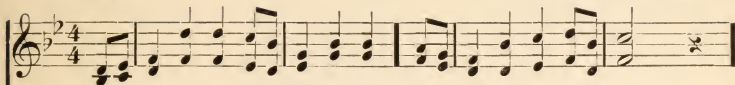
Ev-'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be.
 Faint and wea-ry, Thro' the des-ert thou didst go.
 Par-don'd, guid-ed, Noth-ing can our peace de-stroy. A-men.

How Happy are the Saints.

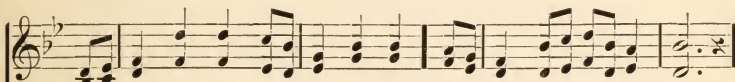
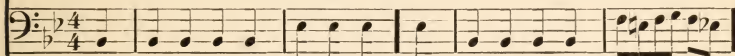
SELECTED.

Tune—LILY DALE.

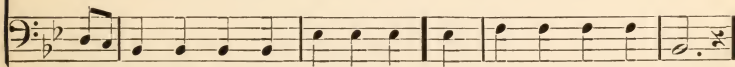
H. S. THOMPSON, adapted.



1. How hap-py are the saints a-bove, Who once went sorrowing here,
2. The con-se-crated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys-tal pavement down At Je-sus pierc-ed feet,
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun,



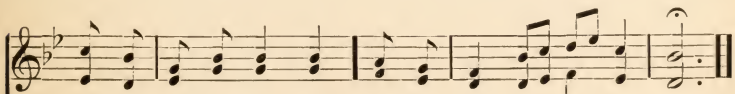
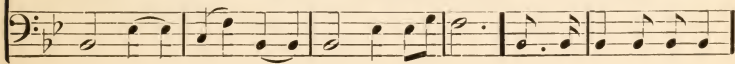
But now they taste un - end-ing love, And joy with-out a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 I'll lay my cross and take my crown, And his dear name re - peat.
 We've no less days to sing God's praise, Than when we first be - gun.



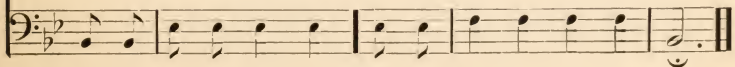
Chorus.



Oh, heav'n! sweet heav'n! heav'n of the blest! How I long to be there,



And its glo-ries to share, And to lean on Je - sus' breast.



The Child's Prayer.

HODGES REED.

1. In - to her cham-ber, went A lit - tle child one day,
 2. "I pray thee, Lord," she said, "That thou wilt con - de - scend
 3. "They tell me, Lord, that all The liv - ing pass a - way;
 4. The lit - tle pray'r was said, And from her cham-ber, now,

And by her chair she knelt, And thus be - gan to pray:
 To stay with - in my heart, And ev - er be my friend;
 The a - ged soon must die, And e - ven chil-dren may,
 She pass'd forth with the light Of heav'n up - on her brow.

"Je - sus, my eyes are clos'd, Thy form I can - not see—
 The path of life looks dark— I would not go a - stray;
 Oh, let my par - ents live, Till I a wom - an grow;
 "Moth - er, I've seen the Lord, His hand in mine I felt;

If thou art near me, Lord, Wilt thou not speak to me?"
 Oh, let me have thy hand To lead me in the way;"
 For if they die, what can A lit - tle or - phan do?"
 And oh, I heard him say, As by my chair I knelt:"

The Child's Prayer.—Concluded.

A still small voice she heard with - - in her soul,
 "Fear not, thou shalt not run the..... race a - lone,"
 "Fear not, my child; whatever ills may come,
 "Fear not, my child; whatever ills may come,

"What is it child? I hear thee,..... tell me all."
 She thought she felt a soft hand..... press her own.
 I'll not forsake thee, till I..... bring thee home."
 I'll not forsake thee, till I..... bring thee home."

55

The Lord's Prayer.

CHANT.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed..... be thy name,
 2. Give us this day our..... dai - ly bread,
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver... us from evil;

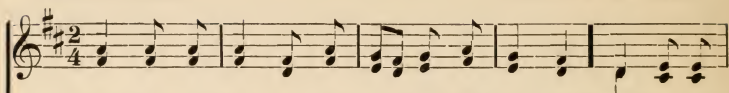
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in.. earth, as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, {
 and the glory, for - - - } ever and ever, A - men.

Brightest and Best.

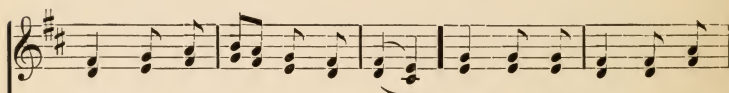
Tune—HANOVER.

REGINALD HEBER.

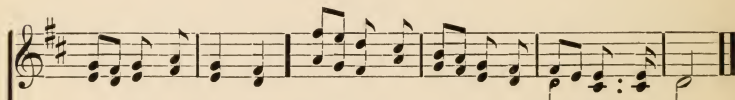
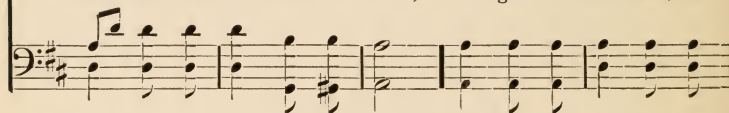
JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.



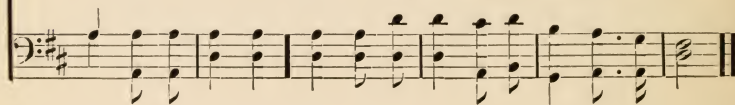
1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing, Low lies his



- dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -
bed with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him, in



- ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.
slumber re - clin - ing, Mak - er, and Monarch, and Sav-iour of all.



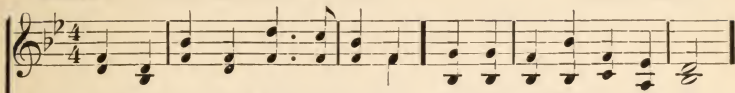
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

57 Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven.

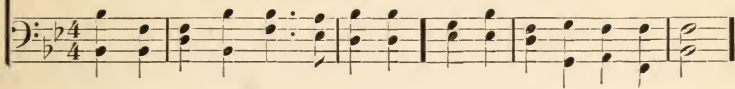
Tune—REGENT SQUARE.

HENRY F. LYTE and Sir HENRY W. BAKER.

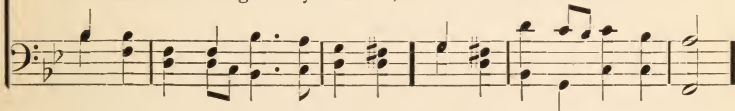
HENRY SMART.



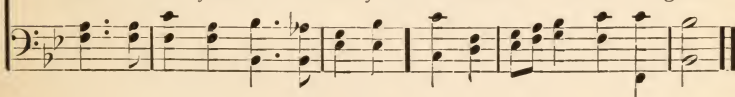
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To his feet thy trib-ute bring;
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
3. Fa - ther-like, he tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble frame he knows;



Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd for-giv - en, Ev - er-more his prais-es sing:
Praise him, still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless,
In his hands he gen - tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes:



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the ev - er - last-ing King.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo-rious in his faith-ful-ness.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise with us the God of grace.



58

Doxology.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

WILLIAM GOODE.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the veil, and see
 2. Once they were mourners here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears;
 3. I ask them whence their vict'ry came: They, with u - nit - ed breath,
 4. They marked the foot-steps that he trod; His zeal inspired their breast;
 5. Our glo - rious lead - er claims our praise For his own pat - tern giv'n;

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.
 They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
 As - cribe their con - quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to his death.
 And, fol - l'wing their in - car - nate God, Pos - sess the prom - ised rest.
 While the long cloud of wit - ness - es Show the same path to heav'n.

Chorus.

They'll sing their wel - come home to me, They'll sing their wel - come

home to me, And the an - gels will stand on the heav'n - ly strand,

Give me the Wings of Faith.—Concluded.

And sing their wel-come home, wel - come home, wel - come home;

The angels will stand on the heav'nly strand, And sing their welcome home.

60

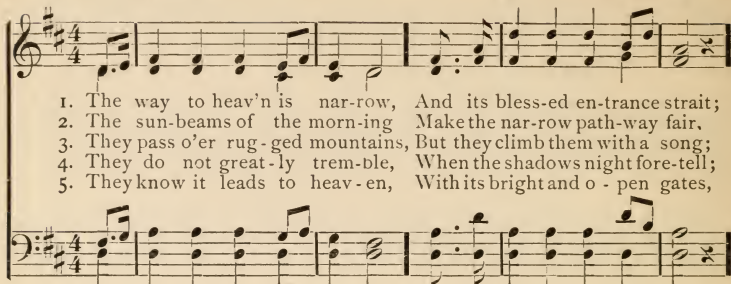
0 Thou Who Didst Prepare.

1. O thou who didst pre - pare The o - cean's sound-ing deep,
 2. Toss'd in our reel - ing bark On this tu - mult-u-ous sea,
 3. Je - sus is nigh, who trod Of old that foam - ing spray,
 4. Tho' swells the threat'ning tide, Mount-ing to heav'n a - bove,

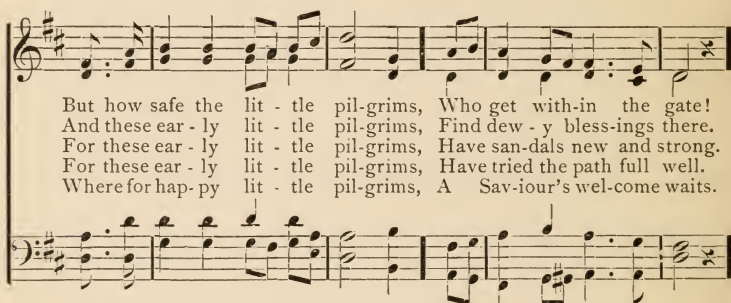
And bid the gath'ring wa - ters there In might-y concourse sweep.
 Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark, And lift our hearts to thee.
 Whose billows own'd th' Incarnate God, And died in calm a - way.
 We know in whom our souls con-fide, And fear-less trust his love. *A-men.*

Rev. C. C. CARPENTER.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

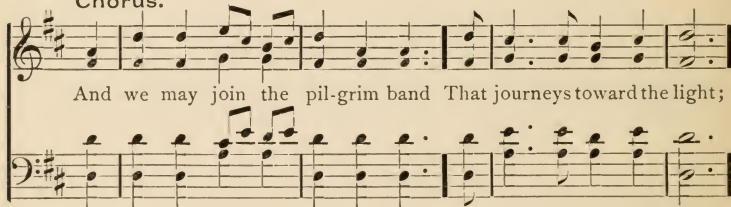


1. The way to heav'n is nar-row, And its bless-ed en-trance strait;
 2. The sun-beams of the morn-ing Make the nar-row path-way fair.
 3. They pass o'er rug-ged mountains, But they climb them with a song;
 4. They do not great-ly trem-ble, When the shadows night fore-tell;
 5. They know it leads to heav-en, With its bright and o - pen gates,

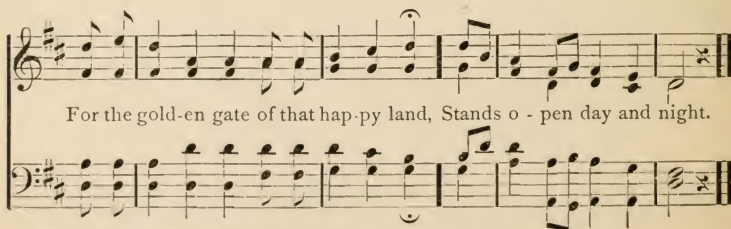


But how safe the lit - tle pil-grims, Who get with-in the gate!
 And these ear - ly lit - tle pil-grims, Find dew - y bless-ings there.
 For these ear - ly lit - tle pil-grims, Have san-dals new and strong.
 For these ear - ly lit - tle pil-grims, Have tried the path full well.
 Where for hap-py lit - tle pil-grims, A Sav-iour's wel-come waits.

Chorus.



And we may join the pil-grim band That journeys toward the light;



For the gold-en gate of that hap-py land, Stands o - pen day and night.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

Je - sus thou hast prom-ised to lead us, Thou the Life, the

Truth, the Way; We are hap - py pil - grims and stran-gers;

For we trust thee ev - ery day. Guide us, keep us, help us to

fol - low, Firm in tread, in step so true, That we nev - er

fal - ter nor wav - er, Al - ways keep - ing our Guide in view. A - men.

Away to the Woods.

MAY-DAY SONG

A. A. G., by per.

1. A - way to the woods, a-way, A-way to the woods, a-way; All na-ture is
 2. Our flag to the breezes fling, Our flag to the breezes fling; And as it waves

smiling, Our young hearts beguiling, Oh we will be hap-py to - day.
 o'er us, We'll join in the chor-us, Till woodland and valley shall ring.

Chorus.

A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A - way to the woods, a - way;
 A - way to the woods, a - way to the woods, A - way to the woods, a - way;

A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A - way to the woods, a - way.
 A - way to the woods, a - way to the woods, A - way to the woods, a - way.

Away to the Woods.—Concluded.

3 ||: Oh this is our festal day,:||
Sweet flowerets are springing,
Sweet songsters are singing,
And we will be happy and gay.

4 ||: As free as the air are we;:||
Then rally, then rally,
From hill-top and valley,
And join in our innocent glee.

5 ||: We all do love the school,:||
And 'tis in well-doing
We're pleasure pursuing,
For truth is our guide and our rule.

6 ||: Success to the school we love,:||
It sweetens employment
With harmless enjoyment,
And trains for the kingdom above.

64

Who was in the Manger Laid?

B. W. WILLIAMS, by per.

SOLO.

1. Who was in the man-ger laid? Je - sus. Who for mon-ey
2. Who can hear us when we call? Je - sus. Who the dear-est
3. Who can rob the grave of gloom? Je - sus. Who can raise us
4. Who will give us sweet-est rest? Je - sus. Whom in heav'n shall

SOLO.

was be-trayed? Je - sus. Who up Cal - va - ry was led?
friend of all? Je - sus. Who a - lone can do us good,
from the tomb? Je - sus. When be-fore the Judge we wait,
we love best? Je - sus. At his feet our crowns we'll fling,

Who for us his life-blood shed? Je-sus Christ, cre - a - tion's head.
When we're toss'd on Jordan's flood? Je-sus Christ, our ris - en Lord.
Who will o - pen heav-en's gate? Je-sus Christ, our Ad - vo - cate.
While the rapturous song we sing, Je-sus Christ, our Sav-iour King.

A Boy's Hymn.

Tune—HAMBURG.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. "Just as I am," thine own to be, Friend of the
 2. In the glad morn - ing of my day, My life to

young, who lov - est me; To con - se - crate my -
 give, my vows to pay; With no re - serve and

self to thee, O Sav - iour dear, I come, I come.
 no de - lay, With all my heart, I come, I come.

- 3 I would live ever in the light,
 I would work ever for the right,
 I would serve thee with all my might,
 Therefore to thee I come, I come.
- 4 "Just as I am," young, strong, and free,
 To be the best that I can be,
 For truth, and righteousness, and thee,
 Lord of my life, I come, I come.

B. W. WILLIAMS, by per.

1. As in the o - pen field I stray'd, A - mong the grass I found
 2. I ask'd the lit - tle blushing flow'r, Not thinking that she knew,
 3. "Come, put your ear close to my mouth, Now, there's no noise abroad;"

A love - ly lit - tle vi - o - let, Just peep - ing from the ground;
 If she would tell me whence she came, And she re - plied, "I grew."
 I did, and listened a good while; At last she whisper'd, "GOD."

It look'd right up in - to my face, With such a mod - est smile,
 "Be sure, you did; but still I ask, Who made you? will you tell?
 Moth - er, I love the vi - o - let; She told the truth, I know;

That I sat down close by its side, To talk to it a - while.
 She o - pen'd wide her deep blue eyes, And said, "dear child, I will."
 For, sure - ly, none but he could make So sweet a flow'r to grow.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

1. Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee,
 2. Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell thee; Lit - tle lamb I'll tell thee;

Gave thee life, and bade thee feed By the stream and o'er the mead;
 He is call - ed by thy name, For he calls him - self a Lamb.

Gave thee cloth - ing of de - light, Soft - est cloth - ing, wool - ly, bright;
 He is meek, and he is mild, He be - came a lit - tle child;

Gave thee such a ten - der voice, Mak - ing all the vales re - joice?
 I a child, and then a lamb, We are call - ed by his name.

Little Lamb.—Concluded.

Lit - tle lamb who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?
 Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee! Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee!

68

There is a Happy Land.

HINDOO MELODY.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in
 2. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev - ery eye; Kept by a
 3. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye

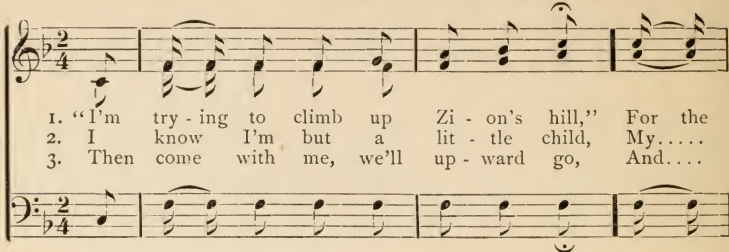
glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing, Wor - thy
 Fa - ther's hand, Love can - not die. Oh, then, to glo - ry run; Be a
 doubting stand, Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from

is our Sav - iour King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 crown and kingdom won, And bright a - bove the sun, We'll reign for aye!
 sin and sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye!

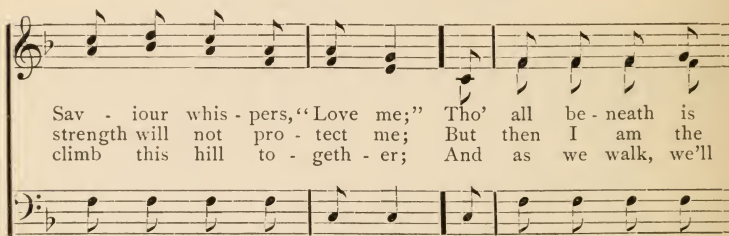
Climbing up Zion's Hill.

Rev. JOHN G. CHAFEE.

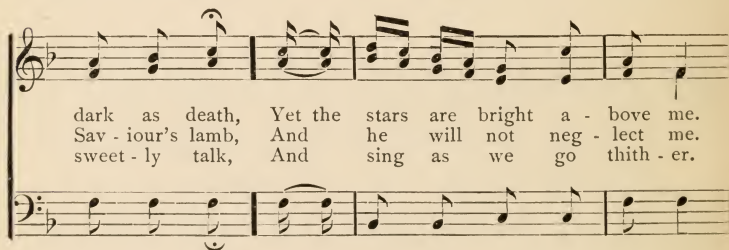
Melody by PHILIP PHILLIPS, arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.



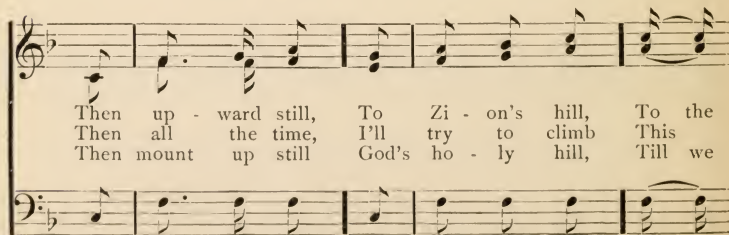
1. "I'm try - ing to climb up Zi - on's hill," For the
 2. I know I'm but a lit - tle child, My....
 3. Then come with me, we'll up - ward go, And....



Sav - iour whis - pers, "Love me;" Tho' all be - neath is
 strength will not pro - tect me; But then I am the
 climb this hill to - geth - er; And as we walk, we'll

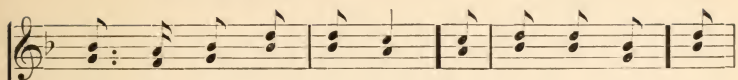


dark as death, Yet the stars are bright a - bove me.
 Sav - iour's lamb, And he will not neg - lect me.
 sweet - ly talk, And sing as we go thith - er.

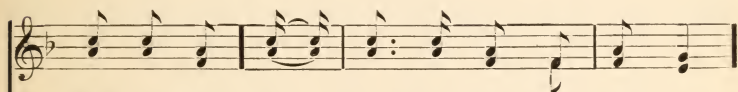
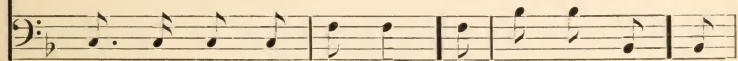


Then up - ward still, To Zi - on's hill, To the
 Then all the time, I'll try to climb This
 Then mount up still God's ho - ly hill, Till we

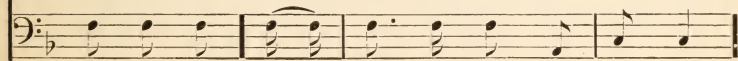
Climbing up Zion's Hill.—Concluded.



land of joy and beau - ty, My path be - fore, Shines
ho - ly hill of Zi - on; For I am sure, The
reach the pearl - y por - tals; Where rap-tur'd tongues Pro -



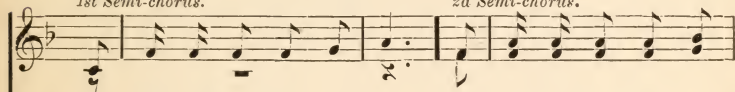
more and more, As it nears the gold - en cit - y.
way is pure, And on it comes "no li - on."
claim the songs Of the shin - ing - rob'd im - mor - tals.



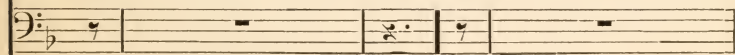
Refrain.

1st Semi-chorus.

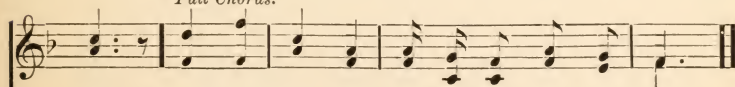
2d Semi-chorus.



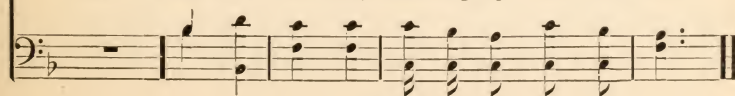
I'm climb-ing up Zi - on's hill, I'm climb-ing up Zi - on's



Full Chorus.



hill, Climb-ing, climb-ing, climb-ing up Zi - on's hill.



March Along Together.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. March a - long to - geth - er, Ev - er firm and true,
 2. Raise on high your ban - ner, That its folds may fly
 3. Of your heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Strength and cour-age seek;
 4. Love should be your mot - to, Du - ty be your aim;

Ma - ny eyes are watch - ing, Tak - ing note of you;
 Like the wing of ea - gle Sweep - ing to the sky;
 Swords are ev - er worth - less If the heart be weak;
 Ev - er "o - ver - com - ing" Till a crown you claim;

Pleas - ant winds or foul ones, Cloud - y days or bright,
 If you wish to con - quer Ev - 'ry foe you fight,
 Ev - 'ry heart en - dow - ing With a war - rior's might,
 For a fame un - dy - ing, Strive with all your might,

Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right, right.
 Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right, right.
 Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right, right.
 Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right, right.

This was a favorite poem of DOM PEDRO.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

1. Speak gen - tly! it is bet - ter far To rule by love than fear;
 2. Speak gen - tly to the lit - tle child, It's love be sure to gain;
 3. Speak gen - tly to the a - ged one, Grieve not the care-worn heart;
 4. Speak gen - tly, kind - ly to the poor, Let no harsh tone be heard;

Speak gen - tly! let no harsh word mar The good we might do here.
 Teach it in ac - cents soft and mild—It may not long re - main.
 The sands of life are near - ly run, Let such in peace de - part.
 They have e-nough, they must en - dure, With - out an un - kind word.

Speak gen - tly! love doth whis - per low, The vows that true hearts bind,
 Speak gen - tly to the young, for they Will have e-nough to bear;
 Speak gen - tly to the err - ing! know They may have toil'd in vain;
 Speak gen - tly! 'tis a lit - tle thing, Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;

And gen - tly friendship's ac - cents flow— Af - fec - tion's voice is kind.
 Pass thro' this life as best they may, 'Tis full of anx - ious care.
 Per - haps un - kind - ness made them so, O, win them back a - gain.
 The good, the joy which it may bring, E - ter - ni - ty shall tell.

Holy Spirit from Above.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with
 2. Take our sin - ful tho'ts a - way; Lead, oh lead us
 3. With the al - tar's sa - cred Fire, Touch our lips,* our
 4. Bless - ed source of Heav'n - ly light, Now dis - perse the

thy pure love; Oh, in - spire us with thy zeal; May each
 lest we stray; Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, May each
 hearts in - spire; Oh, il - lume us by thy grace; In each
 gloom of night; In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each

Refrain.

f Don't hurry.

soul thy pres - ence feel.
 soul in thee a - bide.
 soul thy im - age trace.
 soul with joy di - vine.

} Ho - ly Spir - it from thy throne a - bove,

Fill us with the Sav-iour's dy - ing love; Now de - scend up - on us,

Holy Spirit from Above.—Concluded.

Heav'n-ly Dove; Come thou bless-ed Com-fort-er. A-men.

This musical score is for a two-part setting of the hymn. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

73 I'll Praise Thee in the Morning.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

GLUCK.

1. I'll praise thee in the morn-ing, When all is glad and fair;
2. I'll praise thee at the noon-tide, When na-ture, all ar-rayed
3. I'll praise thee in the eye-ning, Be-fore I go to rest;

This musical score is for a two-part setting of the hymn. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

The dew is on the ros-es, Their per-fume on the air;
In bright-est mid-day splen-dor, For-gets the time of shade;
Thou dear and lov-ing Fa-ther, Give peace with-in my breast;

This musical score is for a two-part setting of the hymn. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

The dew is on the ros-es, Their per-fume on the air.
In bright-est mid-day splen-dor, For-gets the time of shade.
Thou dear and lov-ing Fa-ther, Give peace with-in my breast.

This musical score is for a two-part setting of the hymn. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

74 When the Earliest Ray of Morning.

STUART CHISHOLM.

Tune—LYNGLEN.

STUART CHISHOLM.

Andante.

1. When the ear - li - est ray of morn - ing Shines a - slant from the
 2. In the hush of the sul - try noon - day, When the flow'rs are a -
 3. When the man - tle of dew - y twi - light Falls a - cross the cool

east - ern sky, Moun - tain - tops and hills a - dorn - ing, With a
 thirst for rain; And the birds hide away in the woodland, And the
 eve - ning sky, Peep - ing stars come out a - bove us, And the

beau - ty that gladdens the eye. Then, Lord of the morn - ing -
 the grass - hop - per sings in the plain. Then, Lord of the sum - mer
 shad - ows grow dim - mer and die. Then, Lord of the ho - ly

tide, Ev - er with us a - bid - e Wher - ev - er our
 day, Strengthen our hearts, we pray, While oth - ers may
 night, Guard us till morn - ing light, And make us when

When the Earliest Ray of Morning.—Concluded.

for-tune may lead us, And noth-ing but good can be - tide.
lan-guish and leave thee, That we may thy pre-cepts o - bey.
life shall be end - ed, De-serv-ing to dwell in thy sight.

75 Lamb of God, I Look to Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

W. E. FRAIL.

1. Lamb of God, I look to thee: Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;
2. Thou didst live to God a - lone; Thou didst nev - er seek thine own;

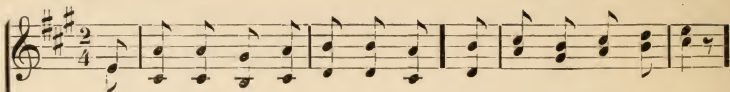
Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a lit - tle child.
Thou thy-self didst nev - er please; God was all thy hap - pi - ness.

3 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hand I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart!

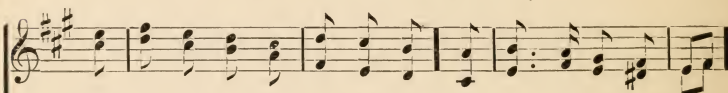
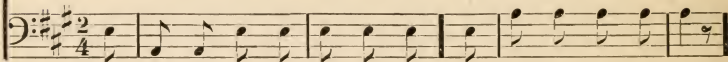
4 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child in me.

Mrs. ANNIE H. SHEPHERD.

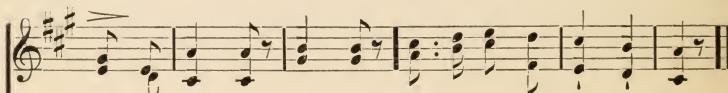
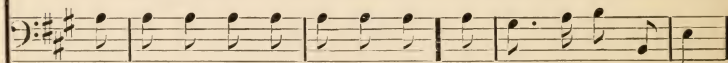
HENRY E. MATHEWS.



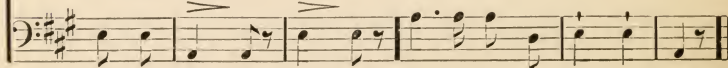
1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of chil-dren stand;
2. In flow-ing robes of spot-less white, See ev-ery one ar-rayed;
3. What bro't them to that world a-bove? That heav'n so bright and fair,



Chil-dren whose sins are all for-given; A ho-ly, hap-py band.
Dwell-ing in ev-er-last-ing light, And joys that nev-er fade.
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,—How came those children there?



Sing-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high.
Sing-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high.
Sing-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high.



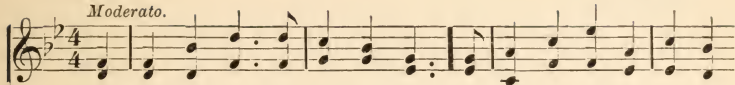
- 4 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

Do Not Hurry.

Dr. DEEMS.

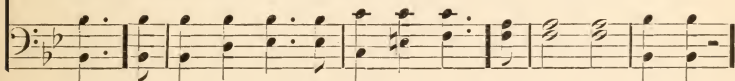
W. E. FRAIL.

Moderato.

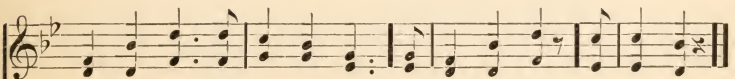
1. The world is wide in time and tide, The world is wide in time and
 2. And they are blest who do their best, And they are blest who do their



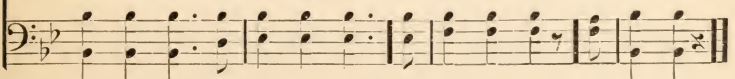
tide, And God is Guide, and God is Guide, Then do not hur - ry.
 best, And leave the rest, and leave the rest, So do not wor - ry.

*Refrain.*

Do not hur - ry, Do not hur - ry, Do not hur - ry; The
 Do not wor - ry, Do not wor - ry, Do not wor - ry; And



world is wide in time and tide, And God is Guide, Don't hur-ry.
 they are blest who do their best, And leave the rest—Don't wor-ry.



And Can it Be that I Should Gain.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune—FILLMORE.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

1. And can it be that I should gain An in-terest in the
 2. 'Tis mys - t'ry all! th' Im-mor-tal dies! Who can ex - plore his
 3. He left his Fath-er's throne a - bove,—So free, so in - fi -

Sav - iour's blood? Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who
 strange de - sign? In vain the first-born ser - aph tries To sound the
 nite his grace!—Emp-tied him - self of all but love, And bled for

him to death pur-sued? A - maz - ing love! how can it be
 depths of love di - vine; 'Tis mer - cy all! let earth a - dore:
 Ad - am's help - less race; 'Tis mer - cy all, im-mense and free,

That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me? A - maz - ing
 Let an - gel minds in - quire no more, 'Tis mer - cy
 For, O my God, it found out me! 'Tis mer - cy

And Can it Be that I Should Gain.—Concluded.

love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?
 all! let earth a - dore: Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
 all, im-mense and free, For, O my God, it found out me!

- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
 I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
 ||: My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed thee.:||
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
 Alive in him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 ||: Bold I approach the eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.:||

79 They Never Grow Old Beyond the Stars.

R. H. CALLAHAN.

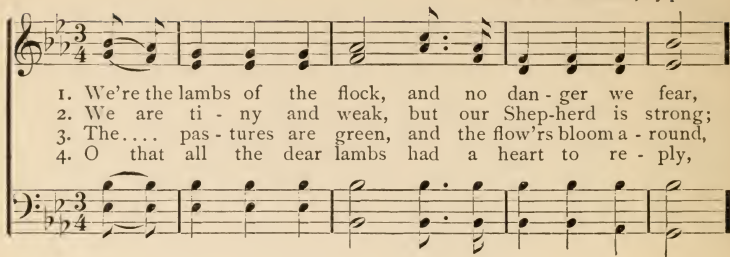
MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

1. They never grow old beyond the stars, In the realm where the morning dew
 2. They never grow old beyond the sky, Whence peace and good-will hath come,
 3. They never grow old beyond the hills, Where the sum-mer sea-sons roll,

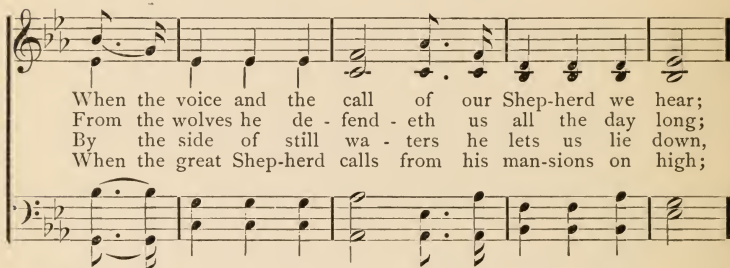
Re - flects a kindling and sparkling life, That makes the old a - new.
 And a triumph breathes up-on the air Of the pilgrim's e-ter-nal home.
 While Time doth wither, and die with age, They nev-er grow old, my soul.

The Lambs of the Flock.

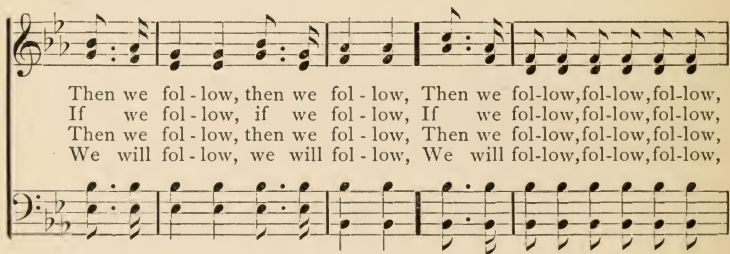
B. W. WILLIAMS, by per.



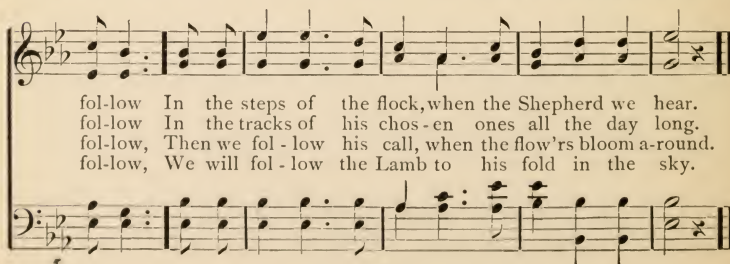
1. We're the lambs of the flock, and no dan - ger we fear,
 2. We are ti - ny and weak, but our Shep-herd is strong;
 3. The.... pas - tures are green, and the flow'rs bloom a - round,
 4. O that all the dear lambs had a heart to re - ply,



When the voice and the call of our Shep-herd we hear;
 From the wolves he de - fend - eth us all the day long;
 By the side of still wa - ters he lets us lie down,
 When the great Shep-herd calls from his man-sions on high;



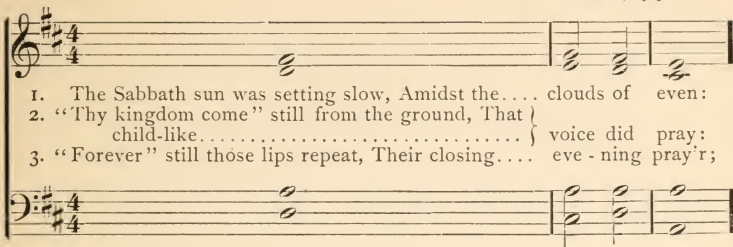
Then we fol - low, then we fol - low, Then we fol-low, fol-low, fol-low,
 If we fol - low, if we fol - low, If we fol-low, fol-low, fol-low,
 Then we fol - low, then we fol - low, Then we fol-low, fol-low, fol-low,
 We will fol - low, we will fol - low, We will fol-low, fol-low, fol-low,



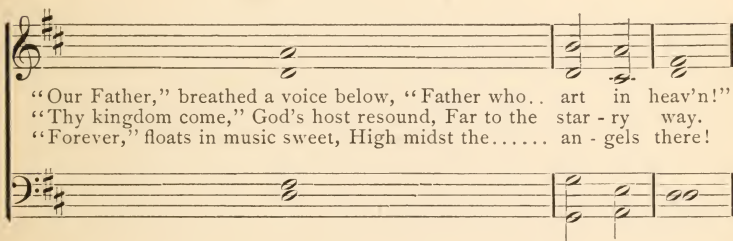
fol-low In the steps of the flock, when the Shepherd we hear.
 fol-low In the tracks of his chos - en ones all the day long.
 fol-low, Then we fol - low his call, when the flow'rs bloom a-round.
 fol-low, We will fol - low the Lamb to his fold in the sky.

The Child and the Angels.

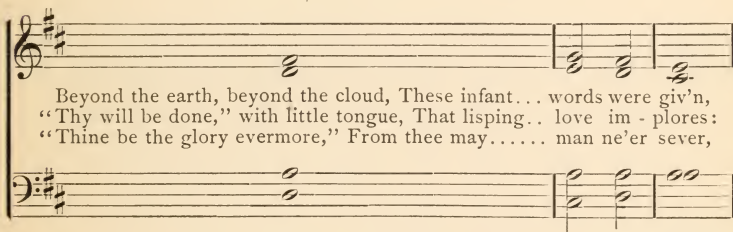
B. W. WILLIAMS, by per.



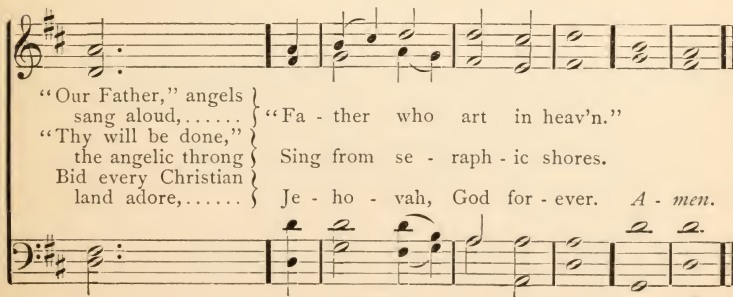
1. The Sabbath sun was setting slow, Amidst the... clouds of even:
 2. "Thy kingdom come" still from the ground, That }
 child-like..... } voice did pray:
 3. "Forever" still those lips repeat, Their closing.... eve - ning pray'r;



"Our Father," breathed a voice below, "Father who.. art in heav'n!"
 "Thy kingdom come," God's host resound, Far to the star - ry way.
 "Forever," floats in music sweet, High midst the..... an - gels there!



Beyond the earth, beyond the cloud, These infant... words were giv'n,
 "Thy will be done," with little tongue, That lisping.. love im - plores:
 "Thine be the glory evermore," From thee may..... man ne'er sever,



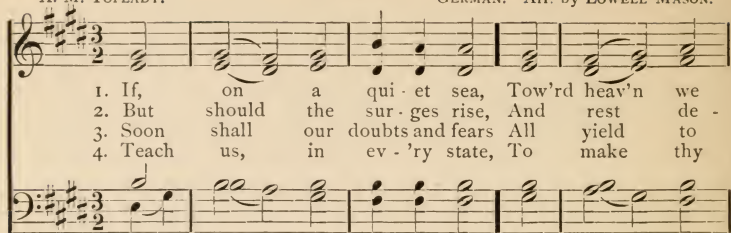
"Our Father," angels }
 sang aloud,..... } "Fa - ther who art in heav'n."
 "Thy will be done," }
 the angelic throng } Sing from se - raph - ic shores.
 Bid every Christian }
 land adore,..... } Je - ho - vah, God for - ever. A - men.

If on a Quiet Sea.

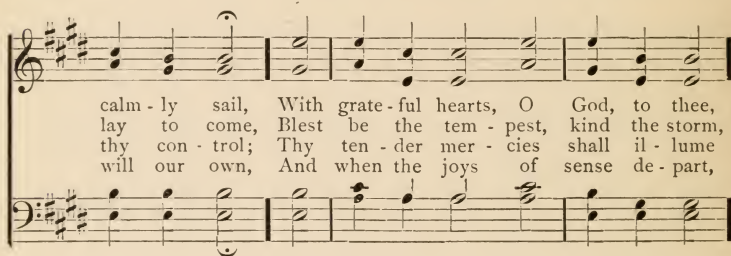
A. M. TOPLADY.

Tune—SELVIN.

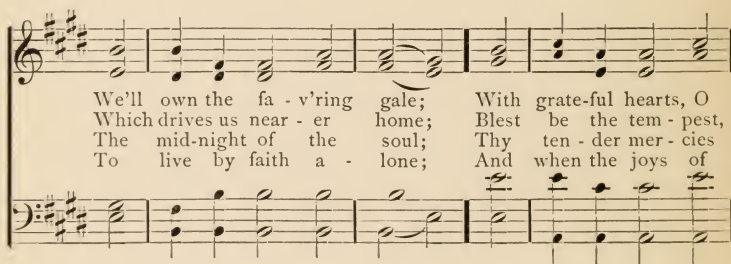
GERMAN. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



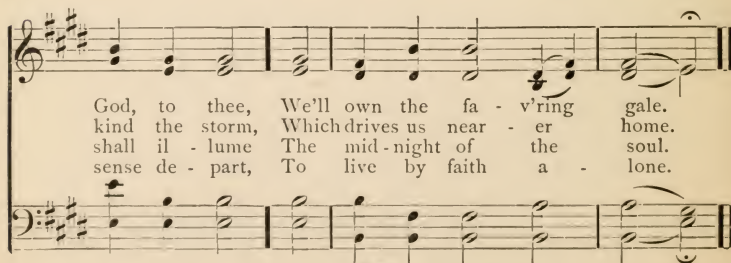
1. If, on a quiet sea, Tow'rd heav'n we
 2. But should the sur-ges rise, And rest de-
 3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to thy
 4. Teach us, in ev-'ry state, To make thy



calm-ly sail, With grate-ful hearts, O God, to thee,
 lay to come, Blest be the tem-pest, kind the storm,
 thy con-trol; Thy ten-der mer-cies shall il-lume
 will our own, And when the joys of sense de-part,



We'll own the fa-v'ring gale; With grate-ful hearts, O
 Which drives us near-er home; Blest be the tem-pest,
 The mid-night of the soul; Thy ten-der mer-cies
 To live by faith a-lone; And when the joys of



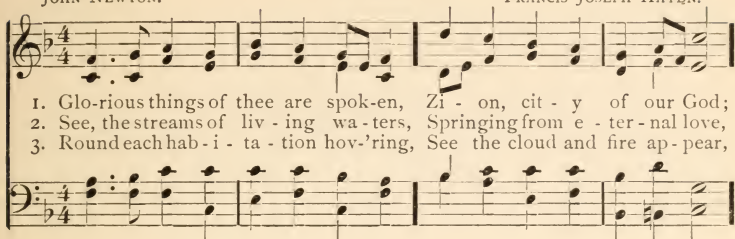
God, to thee, We'll own the fa-v'ring gale.
 kind the storm, Which drives us near-er home.
 shall il-lume The mid-night of the soul.
 sense de-part, To live by faith a-lone.

Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

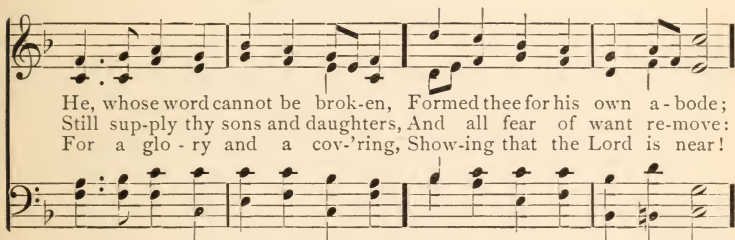
JOHN NEWTON.

Tune—AUSTRIA.

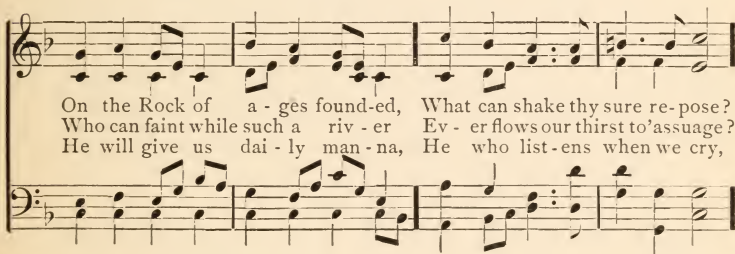
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



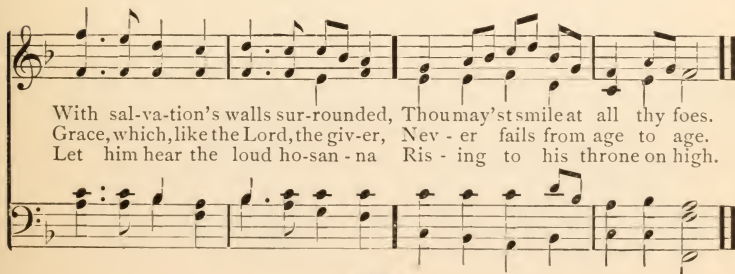
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,



He, whose word cannot be brok-en, Formed thee for his own a - bode;
 Still sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move:
 For a glo - ry and a cov'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near!



On the Rock of a - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows our thirst to'assuage?
 He will give us dai - ly man - na, He who list - ens when we cry,



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - rounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
 Let him hear the loud ho - san - na Ris - ing to his throne on high.

Do what You Can.

A. A. G., by per.

1. Don't think there is noth - ing for chil - dren to do, Be -
 2. You think, if great rich - es you had at com - mand, Your
 3. But what if you've naught but a pen - ny to give? Then

cause they can't work like a man; The har - vest is great and the
 zeal should no wea - ri - ness know; You'd scatter your wealth with a
 give it, though scan - ty your store; For those who give noth - ing when

la - bor - ers few; Then, chil - dren, do all that you can.
 lib - er - al hand, And suc - cor the chil - dren of woe.
 lit - tle they have, When wealthy will do lit - tle more.

Chorus.

Children, do all that you can; Children, do all that you can; The

Do what You Can.—Concluded.

harvest is great and the laborers few ; Then, children, do all that you can.

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

85

Little Things.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the might-y
2. And the lit - tle moments, Humble though they be, Make the might-y
3. So our lit - tle er - rors, Lead the soul a - way From the paths of

The musical score is in 6/8 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

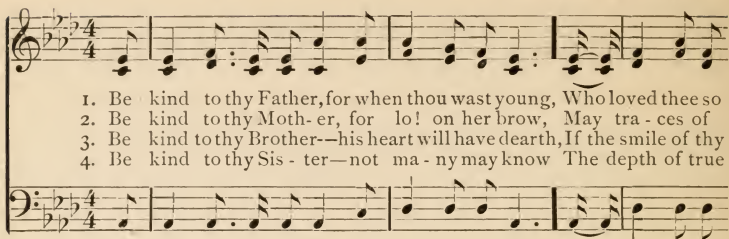
o - cean And the beauteous land, And the beau - teous land.
a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty, Of e - ter - ni - ty.
vir - tue, Oft in sin to stray, Oft in sin to stray.

The musical score is in 6/8 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line. A *rit.* (ritardando) marking is present above the final measure of the melody.

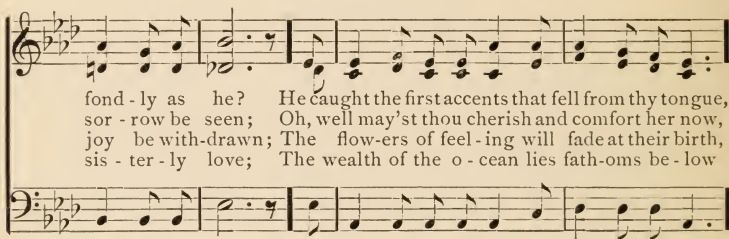
4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above,
Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands,
Far in heathen lands.

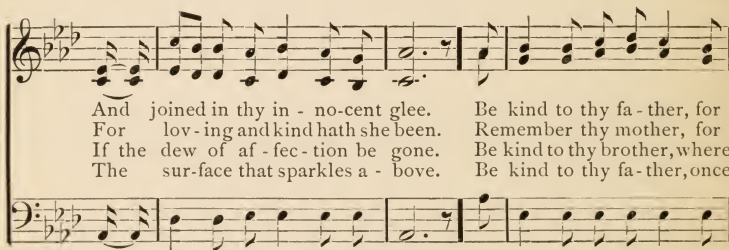
ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



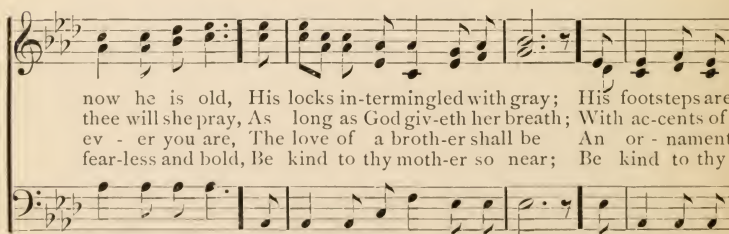
1. Be kind to thy Father, for when thou wast young, Who loved thee so
 2. Be kind to thy Mother, for lo! on her brow, May tra - ces of
 3. Be kind to thy Brother—his heart will have dearth, If the smile of thy
 4. Be kind to thy Sis - ter—not ma - ny may know The depth of true



fond - ly as he? He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
 sor - row be seen; Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
 joy be with-drawn; The flow-ers of feel-ing will fade at their birth,
 sis - ter - ly love; The wealth of the o - cean lies fath-oms be - low



And joined in thy in - no-cent glee. Be kind to thy fa - ther, for
 For lov - ing and kind hath she been. Remember thy mother, for
 If the dew of af - fec - tion be gone. Be kind to thy brother, where
 The sur - face that sparkles a - bove. Be kind to thy fa - ther, once



now he is old, His locks in-termingled with gray; His footsteps are
 thee will she pray, As long as God giv-eth her breath; With ac-cents of
 ev - er you are, The love of a broth-er shall be An or - nament
 fear-less and bold, Be kind to thy moth-er so near; Be kind to thy

Be Kind to the Loved Ones.—Concluded.

fee-ble, once fearless and bold, Thy fa-ther is pass-ing a-way.
kindness, then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val-ley of death.
pur-er and rich-er by far, Than pearls from the depth of the sea.
brother, nor show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis-ter so dear.

87

Oh! Hear Us.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

BEETHOVEN.

Unison.

Oh! hear us, hear us and guide us dear Fa-ther,

We trust thee— hear us. We praise thee, we praise thee,

(Interlude.)

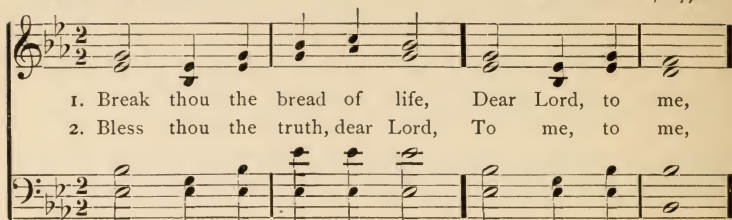
Thou Fa-ther and Son and Ho-ly Ghost. A-men.

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

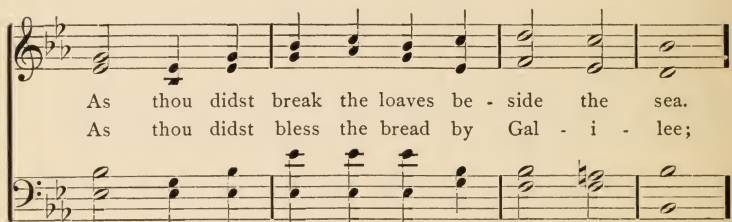
STUDY SONG.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

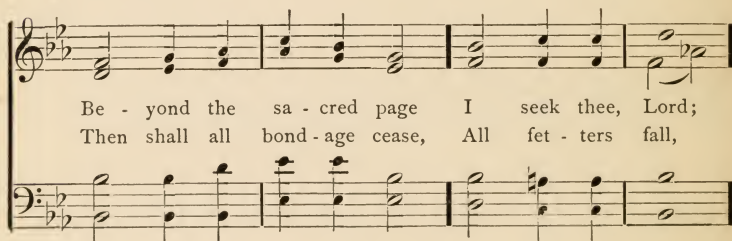
WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.



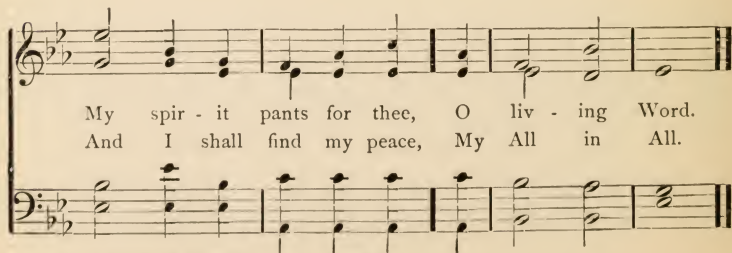
1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me,
2. Bless thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me,



As thou didst break the loaves be - side the sea.
As thou didst bless the bread by Gal - i - lee;



Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek thee, Lord;
Then shall all bond - age cease, All fet - ters fall,



My spir - it pants for thee, O liv - ing Word.
And I shall find my peace, My All in All.

89 While Shepherds Watched their Flocks.

TATE and BRADY.

Tune—CHRISTMAS.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1. While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed
 2. "Fear not," said he,—for might - y dread Had seiz'd their
 3. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day Is born of
 4. "The heavn' - ly babe you there shall find To hu - man

on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down,
 troub - led mind,— "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring,
 Da - vid's line, The Sav - iour, who is Christ the Lord;
 view dis - play'd, And mean - ly wrapp'd in swath - ing-bands,

And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.
 To you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind.
 And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign:
 And in a man-ger laid, And in a man-ger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God on high,
 Who thus addressed their song,
 Who thus addressed their song.

6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace:
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease,
 Begin and never cease."

He Loved Me So.

Mrs. EMILY H. MILLER.

W. E. FRAIL.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voic - es tell,
 2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me,
 3. To sing his love and mer - cy, My sweet - est songs I'll raise,

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell;
 To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones may be;
 And tho' I can - not see him, I know he hears my praise;

I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
 And if I try to fol - low His foot-steps here be - low,
 For he has kind - ly prom - is'd, That ev - en I may go

The Lord came down to save me, Be-cause he loves me so.
 He nev - er will for - get me, Be-cause he loves me so.
 To sing a - mong his an - gels, Be-cause he loves me so.

Holy Father, Send Thy Blessing.

Tune—GREENVILLE.

UNKNOWN.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.



1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, send thy bless-ing On thy children gath-er'd here;
 2. Bear the lambs, when they are wea-ry, In thine arms and at thy breast;



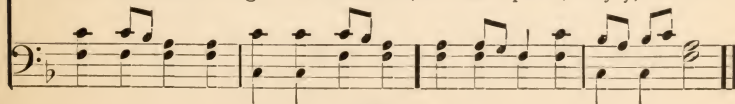
Let them all, thy name con-fess-ing, Be to thee for - ev - er dear.
 Thro' life's des-ert dark and drear-y Bring them to thy heav'nly rest.



Ho - ly Sav-iour, who in meekness Didst vouchsafe a child to be;
 Spread thy wings of bless-ing o'er them, Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove;



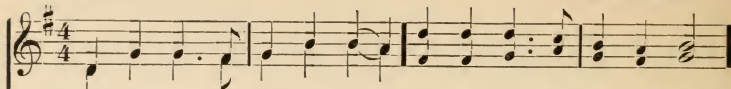
Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless, and make them like to thee.
 Guide, and lead, and go be - fore them, Give them peace, and joy, and love.



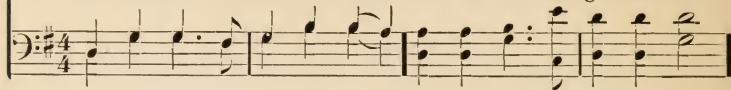
Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.

C. WESLEY, 1739.

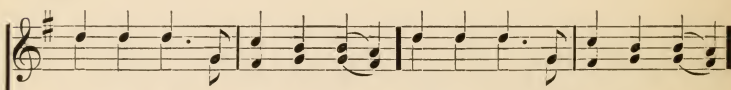
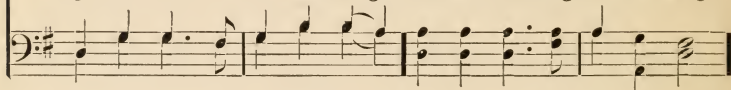
F. B. MENDELSSOHN.



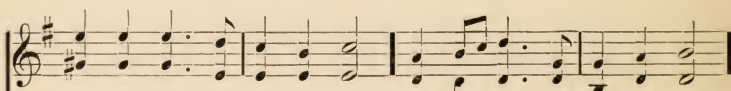
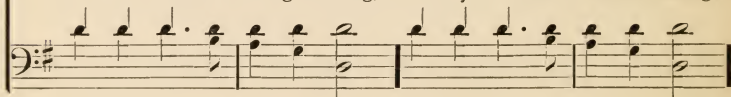
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
 2. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of right-eous-ness!



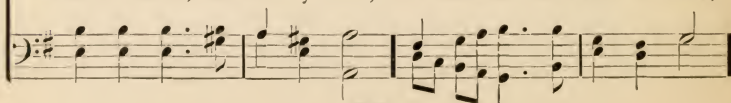
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled;"
 Light and life to all he brings, Risen with heal-ing in his wings;



Joy - ful all ye na-tions rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
 Let us then with an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;



With th'an-gel - ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth-le - hem;
 Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled;



Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.—Concluded.

With th' an-gel-ic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem.
Peace on earth and mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled. *A-men.*

93

Crusader's Hymn.

UNKNOWN. 12th Century.

1. Fair est Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture,
2. Fair are the mead-ows, Fair - er still the wood-lands,
3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fair - er still the moon-light,

O thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cher-ish,
Robed in the bloom-ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
And all the twinkling, star-ry host; Je - sus shines brighter,

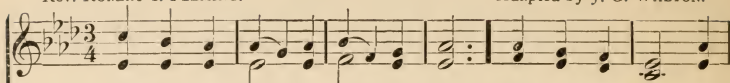
Thee will I hon-or, Thee, my soul's glo-ry, joy and crown.
Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe-ful heart to sing.
Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an-gels heav'n can boast.

Oh, Word of Truth.

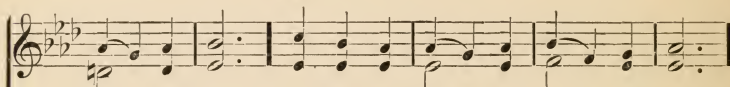
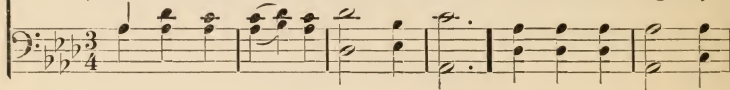
Rev. ROBERT I. FLEMING.

Tune—ST. CATHERINE.

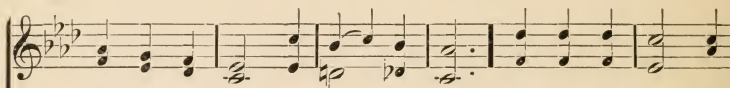
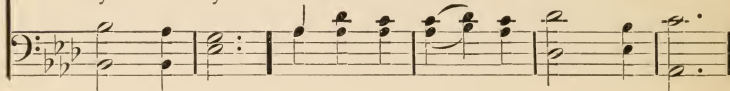
Adapted by J. G. WALTON.



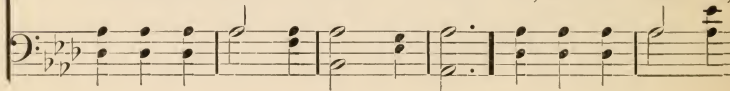
1. Oh, word of truth, how oft - en I With wea-ried spir - it,
2. Oh, sa - cred word! how oft thy light Hath guid-ed from the
3. Oh, word of love! how oft the wound Of life hath healed at
4. Oh, word of God! the wondrous three, That make the might - y



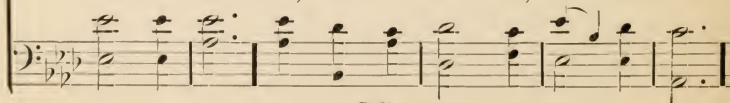
heart drained dry, Have found with-in thy se - cret springs
 depths of night My soul that wan - dered sick and drear
 thy dear sound, And all the bit - ter - ness hath fled
 mys - ter - y Of bless-ed faith—with us a - bide



A rest no earth-born so - lace brings. Oh, word of truth! Oh,
 A - mid life's dread, be-wild - 'ring fear. Oh, word of truth! Oh,
 At thy sweet thought so sweet - ly said. Oh, word of truth! Oh,
 And lead us where no ills be - tide. Oh, word of truth! Oh,



sa - cred word! The word of love! The word of God!
 sa - cred word! The word of love! The word of God!
 sa - cred word! The word of love! The word of God!
 sa - cred word! Oh, word of love! Oh, word of God!



Bring in the Children.

D. B. P.

D. B. PURINTON.

1. Bring in the chil-dren, one and all, Bid them no lon-ger roam;
 2. Bring in the wand'ers, young and old, Urge them to come to-day;
 3. In from the sor-row and the gloom, In from the guilt and sin,

Ten-der the message, wel-come the call In - to the Sab-bath Home.
 Je - sus will welcome in - to the fold All that the call o - bey.
 In from the dan-ger, urge them to come, Gath-er the chil-dren in.

Refrain.

Bring in the children, one and all, Where'er they wander, where'er they roam;

Ten-der the message, wel-come the call In - to the Sab-bath Home.

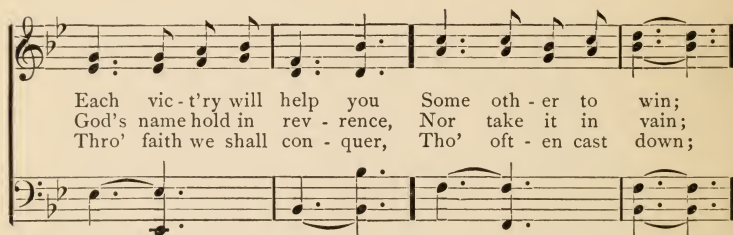
Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. PALMER.

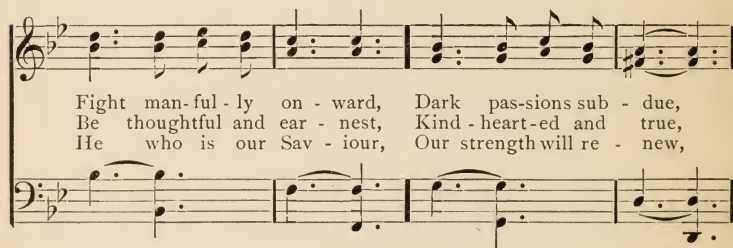
H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin,
 2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lang - uage dis - dain,
 3. To him that o'er - com - eth God giv - eth a crown,



Each vic - t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win;
 God's name hold in rev - rence, Nor take it in vain;
 Thro' faith we shall con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down;



Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pas - sions sub - due,
 Be thoughtful and ear - nest, Kind - heart - ed and true,
 He who is our Sav - iour, Our strength will re - new,



Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

Yield Not to Temptation.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort,strengthen,and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

97

The Lord's Day.

ENGLISH.

1. This is the day of light; Let there be light to - day;
2. This is the day of rest; Our fail - ing strength re - new;
3. This is the day of prayer; Let earth to heav'n draw near;

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.
On wea - ry brain and troubled breast Shed thou re-fresh-ing dew.
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there, Come down and meet us here.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE.

ENGLISH.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his

Je - sus was here a-mong men, How he call'd lit-tle chil-dren as
arms had been thrown around me, That I might have seen his kind

lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.
look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

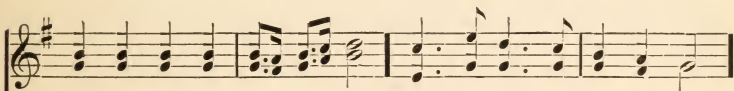
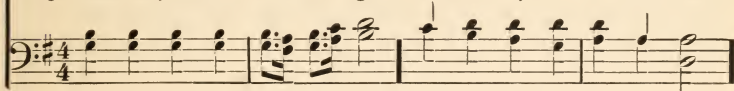
3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

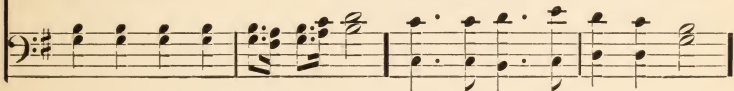
B. W. WILLIAMS, by per.



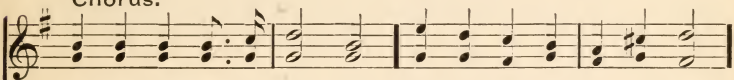
1. Sol-dier on life's bat-tle-field Be thou va-liant, bold and strong;
 2. Je-sus calls us to the field, He will lead us ev-er-more;
 3. Then in yon-der world of light, We will lay our ar-mor down;



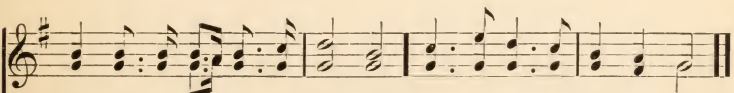
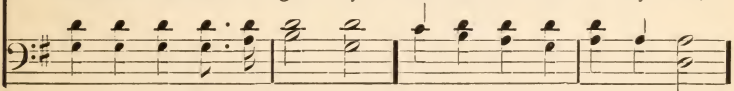
In the strife, with cheer-ful zeal, Urge the Sav-iour's cause a-long.
 'Neath his ban-ner ne'er to yield, Till the might-y con-flict's o'er.
 And, 'mid throngs of an-gels bright, Each re-ceive a star-ry crown.



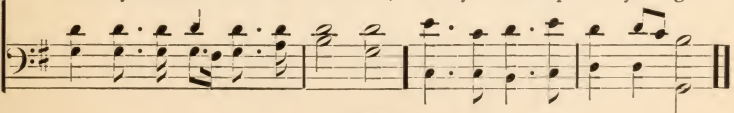
Chorus.



On-ward, on-ward to glo-ry! Yield not to the wi-ly foe;



Vict'ry and heav'n are be-fore thee, Shout your triumphs as you go.



R. L. F.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

1. Go forth, go forth, ye sons of toil, For you the
 2. The bar - ren fields your toil in - vite; The spring - time
 3. Let age and youth to - geth - er go And sow the

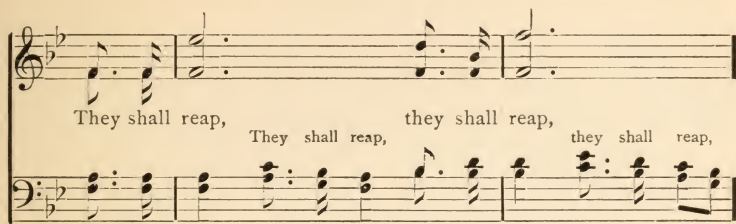
Lord hath need; Go forth and break the fal - low soil,
 is at hand; Go forth, and work from morn till night,
 fields with grain; They both shall see the har - vest grow,

*Ad lib.**Refrain. a tempo.*

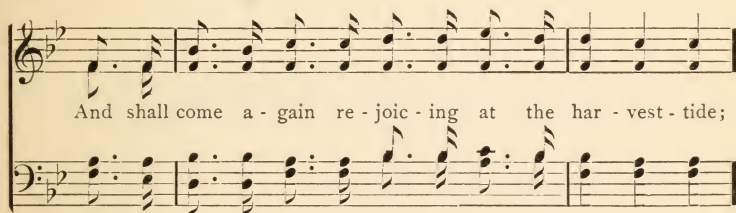
And sow the "pre-cious seed." }
 It is the Lord's com-mand. } They that sow in tears shall reap,
 And rip - en on the plain. } reap in joy,

They shall bring the gold - en sheaves from the fields far and wide,

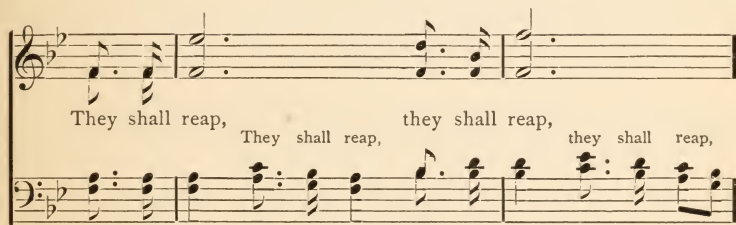
Go Forth, Ye Sons of Toil.—Concluded.



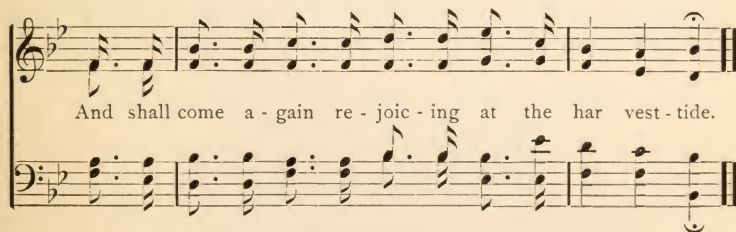
They shall reap, They shall reap, they shall reap, they shall reap,



And shall come a - gain re - joic - ing at the har - vest - tide;



They shall reap, They shall reap, they shall reap, they shall reap,



And shall come a - gain re - joic - ing at the har vest - tide.

4 The fields that faithfully are sown
 Shall yield an hundred-fold;
 The bounteous harvest God shall own,
 And bind the sheaves of gold.

The Christian Warrior.

Tune—MISSIONARY CHANT.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER.

1. Be - hold the Chris - tian war - rior stand In
 2. In pan - o - ply of truth com - plete, Sal -

all the ar - mor of his God; The Spir - it's
 va - tion's hel - met on his head; With right - eous -

sword is in his hand, His feet are with the gos - pel shod.
 ness a breast-plate meet, And faith's broad shield before him spread.

- 3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
 Yet vain were skill and valor there,
 Unless, to foil his legion foes,
 He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.
- 4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
 Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
 Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.

Tune—ELTHAM.

HARRIET AUBER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Hast - en, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Mes-si - ah's sway,
2. Mightiest kings his pow'r shall own; Heathen tribes his name a - dore;

Ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey;
Sa - tan and his host o'er-thrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more;

Ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey.
Sa - tan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
||: Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.:||

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
||: All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.:||

Rev. W. F. WARREN, D.D.

C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound,
 2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound,
 3. In - to the har - bor of heav'n now we glide, We're home at last,

homeward bound; Toss'd on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide,
 homeward bound; Look! yon - der lie the bright heav-en - ly shores,
 home at last; Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide,

We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe, qui - et
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Stead y, O pi - lot! stand
 We're home at last, home at last. Glo - ry to God! all our

har - bor we've rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode; Promise of
 firm at the wheel, Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale; O, how we
 dan - gers are o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore, Glo - ry to

Homeward Bound.—Concluded.

which on us each he bestow'd; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
God! we will shout ev-er-more, We're home at last, home at last.

104 Holy Night! Peaceful Night!

M. HAYDN.

Moderato. *pp* *mf* *pp*

1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! All is dark, save the light,
2. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! On - ly for shep-herds' sight,
3. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! Child of heav'n! O! how bright

Yon - der, where they sweet vi-gil keep O'er the Babe, who, in si-lent sleep,
Came blest vis-ions of An-gel throngs, With their loud Al-le - lu - ia songs,
Thou didst smile on us when thou was born; Blest indeed was that happy morn,

pp

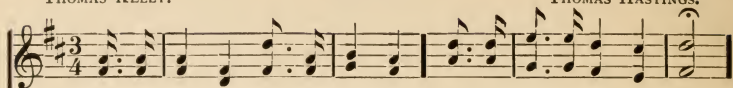
Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Say - ing, Je - sus is come, Say - ing, Je - sus is come.
Full of heav - en - ly joy, Full of heav - en - ly joy.

105 Zion Stands with Hills Surrounded.

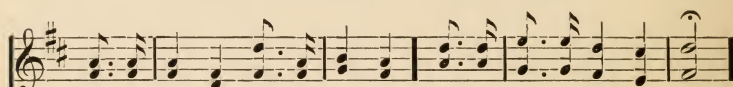
THOMAS KELLY.

Tune—ZION.

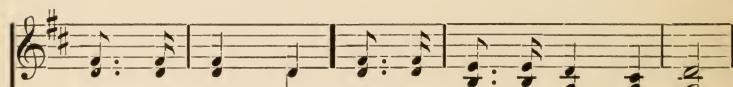
THOMAS HASTINGS.




1. Zi - on stands with hills surrounded, Zi - on, kept by pow'r di - vine:
 2. Ev - 'ry hu - man tie may per - ish; Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 3. In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright,



All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms com - bine:
 Mothers cease their own to cher-ish; Heav'n and earth at last re - move;
 But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art pre-cious in his sight;



Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
 But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love;
 God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last - ing light;



Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
 But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
 God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last - ing light.

I Know No Life Divided.

Tune—ST. HILDA.

CARL J. P. SPITTA, Tr. by R. MASSIE.

Rev. H. HUSBAND.

1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life, from thee;
 2. I fear no trib - u - la - tion, Since, what-so-e'er it be,
 3. If, while on earth I wan - der, My heart is light and blest,

In thee is life pro - vid - ed For all man-kind and me:
 It makes no sep - a - ra - tion Be - tween my Lord and me.
 Ah, what shall I be yon - der, In per - fect peace and rest?


I know no death, O Je - sus, Be - cause I live in thee;
 If thou, my God and Teach - er, Vouchsafe to be mine own,
 O bless - ed thought! in dy - ing We go to meet the Lord,

Thy death it is which frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.
 Though poor, I shall be rich - er Than mon - arch on his throne.
 Where there shall be no sigh - ing, A king - dom our re - ward.

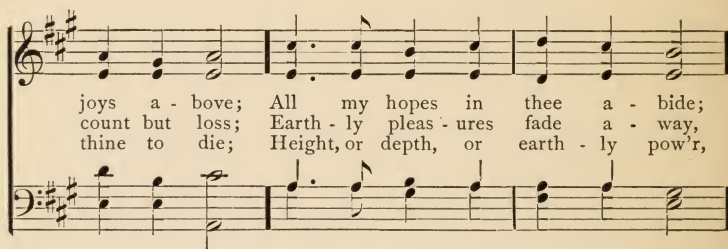
GEO. DUFFIELD, D.D.

SPANISH HYMN.

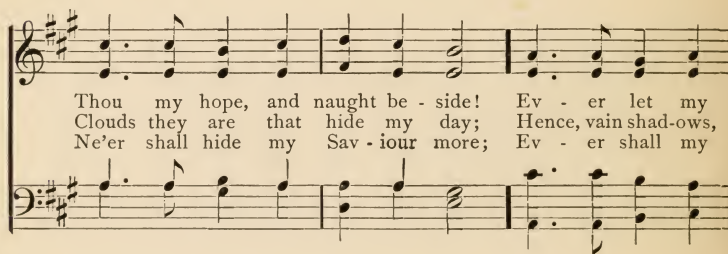
ANON.



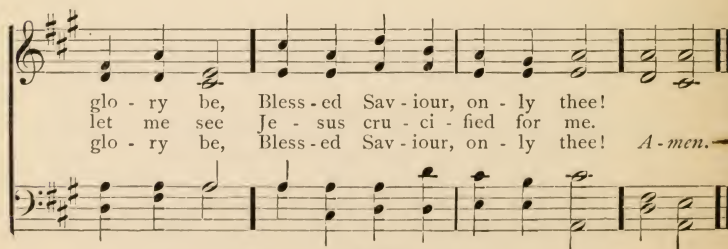
1. Bless - ed Sav - iour! thee I love, All my oth - er
 2. Once a - gain be - side the cross, All my gain I
 3. Bless - ed Sav - iour! thine am I, Thine to live and



joys a - bove; All my hopes in thee a - bide;
 count but loss; Earth - ly pleas - ures fade a - way,
 thine to die; Height, or depth, or earth - ly pow'r,

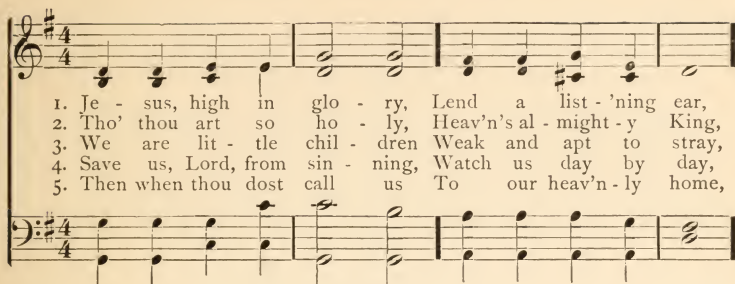


Thou my hope, and naught be - side! Ev - er let my
 Clouds they are that hide my day; Hence, vain shad - ows,
 Ne'er shall hide my Sav - iour more; Ev - er shall my

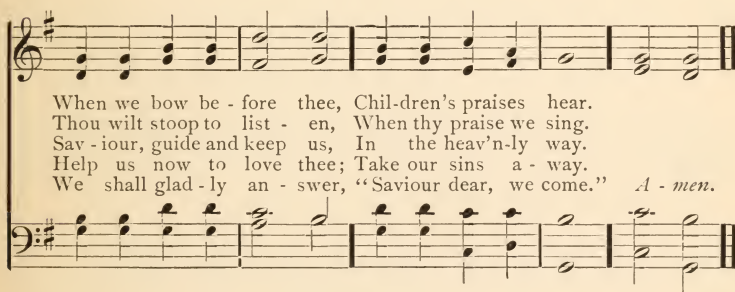


glo - ry be, Bless - ed Sav - iour, on - ly thee!
 let me see Je - sus cru - ci - fied for me.
 glo - ry be, Bless - ed Sav - iour, on - ly thee! A - men. —

Jesus, High in Glory.

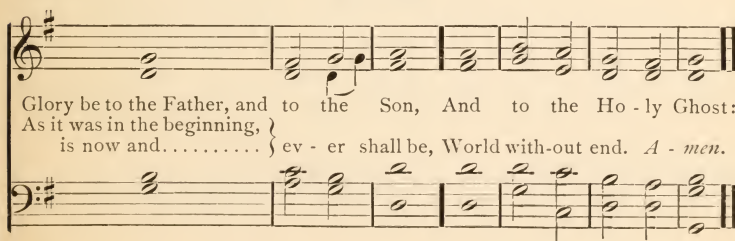


1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list - 'ning ear,
 2. Tho' thou art so ho - ly, Heav'n's al - might - y King,
 3. We are lit - tle chil - dren Weak and apt to stray,
 4. Save us, Lord, from sin - ning, Watch us day by day,
 5. Then when thou dost call us To our heav'n - ly home,



When we bow be - fore thee, Chil-dren's praises hear.
 Thou wilt stoop to list - en, When thy praise we sing.
 Sav - iour, guide and keep us, In the heav'n - ly way.
 Help us now to love thee; Take our sins a - way.
 We shall glad - ly an - swer, "Saviour dear, we come." *A - men.*

Gloria.



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost:
 As it was in the beginning, }
 is now and. } ev - er shall be, World with-out end. *A - men.*

Benediction.

(To be used at all services.)

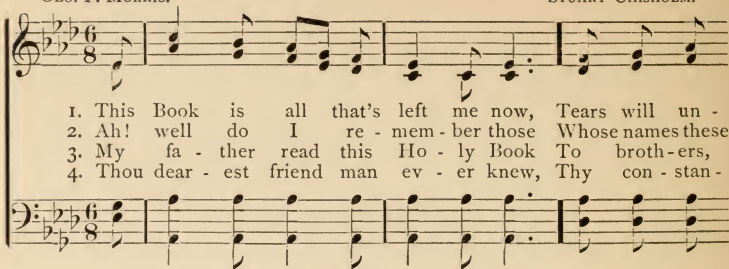
Leader. The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

Response. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

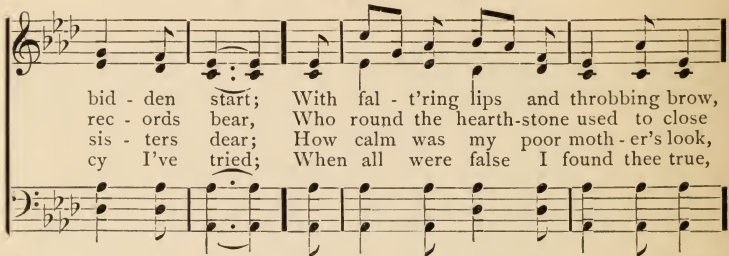
All. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. *Amen.*

GEO. P. MORRIS.

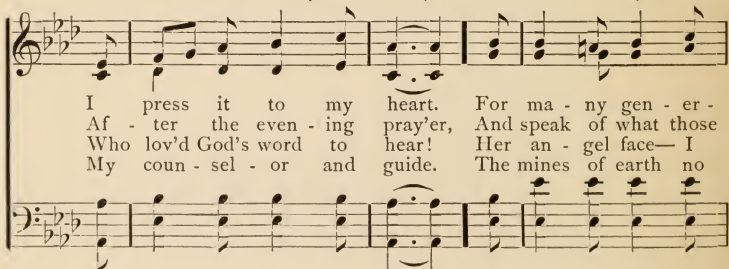
STUART CHISHOLM.



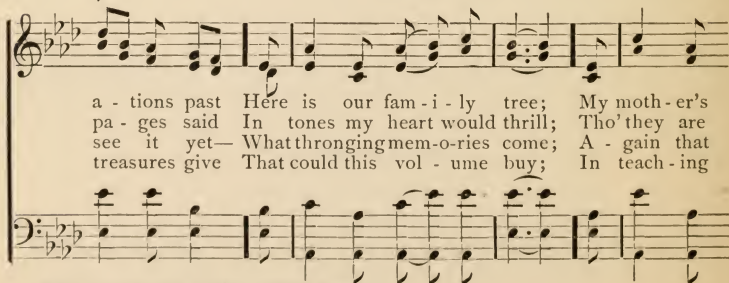
1. This Book is all that's left me now, Tears will un -
 2. Ah! well do I re - mem - ber those Whose names these
 3. My fa - ther read this Ho - ly Book To broth - ers,
 4. Thou dear - est friend man ev - er knew, Thy con - stan -



bid - den start; With fal - t'ring lips and throbbing brow,
 rec - ords bear, Who round the hearth-stone used to close
 sis - ters dear; How calm was my poor moth - er's look,
 cy I've tried; When all were false I found thee true,

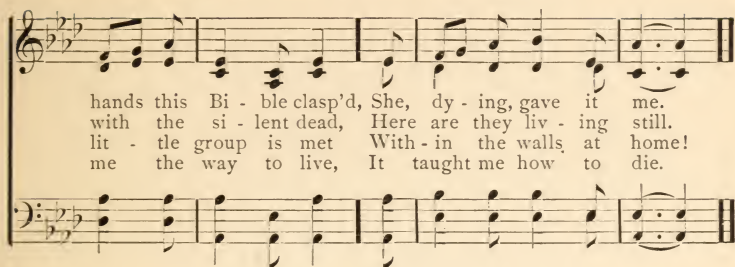


I press it to my heart. For ma - ny gen - er -
 Af - ter the even - ing pray'er, And speak of what those
 Who lov'd God's word to hear! Her an - gel face— I
 My coun - sel - or and guide. The mines of earth no



a - tions past Here is our fam - i - ly tree; My moth - er's
 pa - ges said In tones my heart would thrill; Tho' they are
 see it yet— What thronging mem-o-ries come; A - gain that
 treasures give That could this vol - ume buy; In teach - ing

My Mother's Bible.—Concluded.



hands this Bi - ble clasp'd, She, dy - ing, gave it me.
 with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.
 lit - tle group is met With - in the walls at home!
 me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

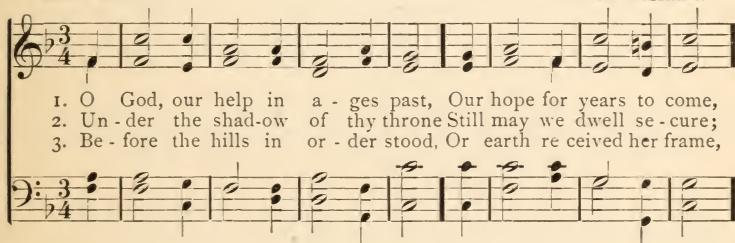
112

God our Help.

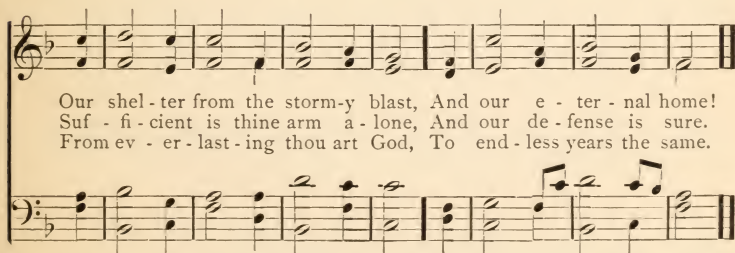
ISAAC WATTS.

Tune—MEAR.

AARON WILLIAMS.



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re ceived her frame,



Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
 Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing thou art God, To end - less years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.

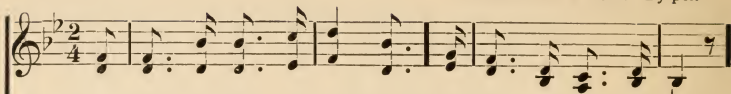
6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Be thou our guide while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home!

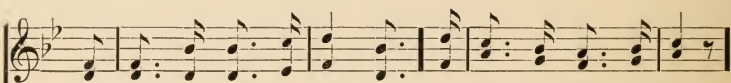
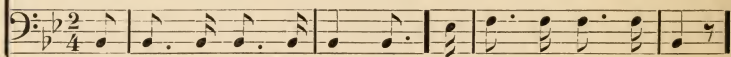
When We are Twenty-one.

A. A. G.

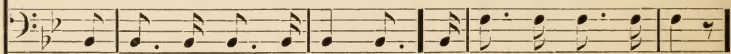
From HAPPY VOICES. By per.



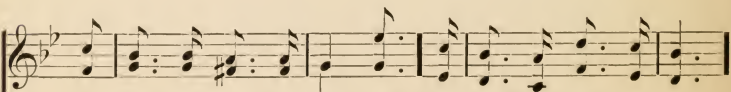
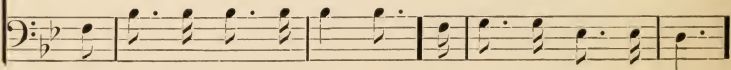
1. When we are twen - ty - one, boys, When we are twen - ty - one,
2. "Talk not of twen - ty - one, boys, Talk not of twen - ty - one,
3. "'Twere madness then to sing, boys, And boast of years to come;



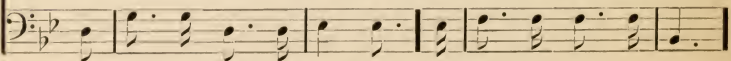
We cast the fet - ters off, boys, Our pu - pil - age is done;
 The pres - ent *now* is all, boys, That you can call your own;
 A - wake, a-wake, from dreams, boys, For work must now be done;



Be - fore us in the world, boys, We'll try what it can do;
 Each mo - ment as it glides, boys, Its hid - den store re - veals;
 Now while the har - vest waves, boys, The reap - er's garb put on,



It prom - is - es so fair, boys, We'll prove it false or true;
 But who can pierce the veil, boys, Which fu - ture years con - ceals?
 And gath - er sheaves for heav'n, boys, Be - fore you're twen - ty - one;



When We are Twenty-one.—Concluded.

It prom - is - es so fair, boys, We'll prove it false or true.
 But who can pierce the veil, boys, Which fu - ture years con-ceals?"
 And gath - er sheaves for heav'n, boys, Be - fore you're twen - ty - one."

114

Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild.

C. WESLEY.

MOZART. Adapted by MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

Unison.

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up -
 2. Take my child - ish hand in thine, Guide these

on a lit - tle child, Make me gen - tle
 lit - tle feet of mine, So shall all my

as thou art, Come and live with - in my heart.
 hap - py days Sing their pleas - ant song of praise.

Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE.

Tune—DWIGHT.

Arr. from JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave, and fol-low thee;
 2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav-iour, too;
 3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure, Come, dis-as-ter, scorn, and pain!

Na-ked, poor, despised, for-sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
 Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like man, un-true;
 In thy serv-ice, pain is pleasure; With thy fa-vor, loss is gain.

Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
 And, while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
 I have called thee, "Abba, Fa-ther;" I have stayed my heart on thee:

Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show thy face, and all is bright.
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.—Concluded.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.</p> <p>5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within
thee;</p> | <p>What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou
repine?</p> <p>6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by
prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee
there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.</p> |
|--|--|

116

Now the Day is Over.

S. BARING-GOULD.

Tune—ELISABETH.

FRANK R. RIX, 1894.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of thee,

ritard.

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing, On the deep blue sea.

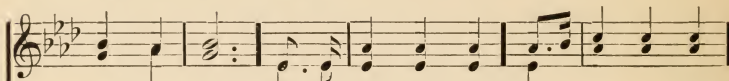
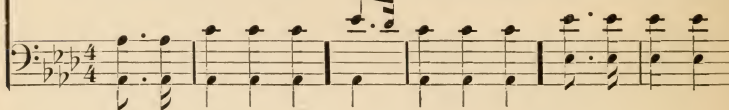
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 Through the long night-watches
May thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.</p> | <p>5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.</p> |
|--|---|

S. V. R. F.

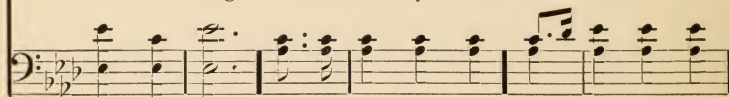
STEPHEN V. R. FORD.



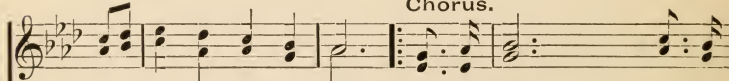
1. There is work for all, Both great and small, In the vine-yard
 2. There is peace for all, Both great and small, In the pow'r of
 3. There is joy for all, Both great and small, In the serv-ice



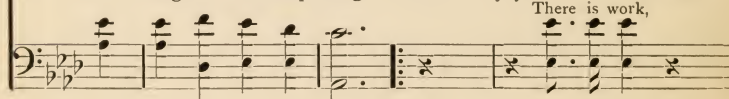
of the Lord; And if we o - bey His call to - day,
 Je - sus' blood; Per - fect peace have they Who calm - ly stay
 of our King; In the Ho - ly Ghost We make our boast



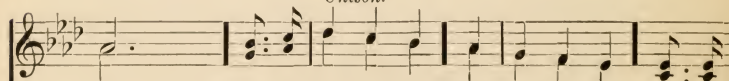
Chorus.



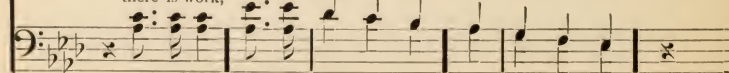
He will our toil re - ward. There is work, there is
 Their hearts and minds on God. There is peace, there is
 And songs of tri - umphsing. There is joy, there is



Unison.



work, There is work for all, Both great and small; There is
 peace, There is peace for all, Both great and small; There is
 joy, There is joy for all, Both great and small; There is
 there is work,



There is Work for All.—Concluded.

work, there is work, There is work for you and me.
 peace, there is peace, There is peace for you and me.
 joy, there is joy, There is joy for you and me.

There is work, there is work,

4 There is rest for all,
 Both great and small,
 In the Saviour's boundless love;
 Soon the Lord will come
 And take us home
 To reign with him above.

CHORUS.

There is rest, there is rest,
 There is rest for all,
 Both great and small;
 There is rest, there is rest,
 There is rest for you and me.

118 Jesus, the very Thought of Thee.

Tune—HOLY CROSS.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by E. CASWELL.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of thee With sweet-ness fills the breast;
 2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the memory find

But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.
 A sweet-er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav-iour of man-kind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O joy of all the meek,
 To those who ask, how kind thou art!
 How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show:

The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but his loved ones know,

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be;
 In thee be all our glory now,
 And through eternity.

ANON.

W. E. FRAIL.

1. Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs, I do not pray;
2. Let me be slow to do my will, Prompt to o - bey;

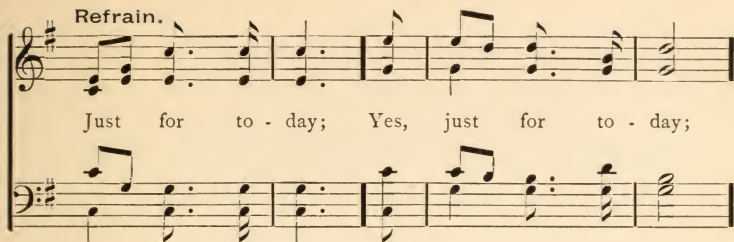
Keep me, my God, from stain and sin, Just for to - day.
Help me to mor - ti - fy my flesh, Just for to - day.

Let me both dil - i - gent - ly work, And du - ly pray;
Let me in sea - son, Lord, be grave, In sea - son gay;

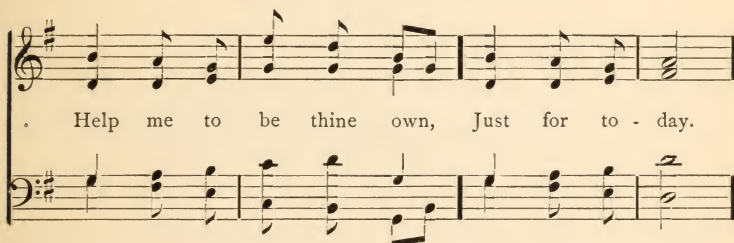
Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to - day.
Let me be faith - ful to thy grace, Just for to - day.

Just for To-day.—Concluded.

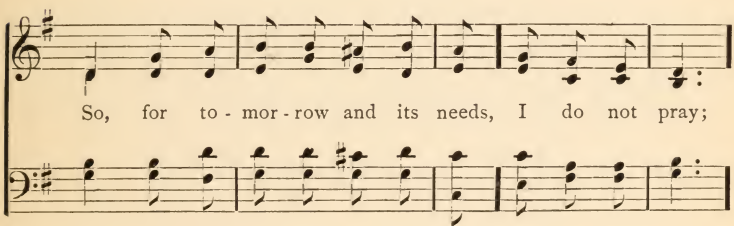
Refrain.



Just for to - day; Yes, just for to - day;



Help me to be thine own, Just for to - day.



So, for to - mor - row and its needs, I do not pray;



But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Just for to - day.

JOHN KING.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

1. When, his sal - va - tion bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The children
 2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love to chil - dren still, Tho' now as
 3. For should we fail proclaiming Our great Redeemer's praise, The stones, our

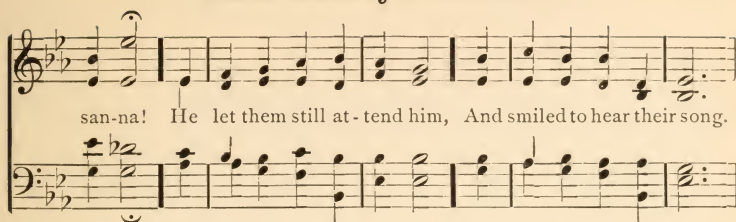
all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to his name; Nor did their zeal of -
 King he reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'nly hill, We'll flock around his
 si - lence sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise. But shall we on - ly

fend him, But as he rode a - long, He let them still at - tend him,
 ban - ner, We'll bow be - fore his throne, And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na
 ren - der The trib - ute of our words? No; while our hearts are tender,

Chorus.

And smiled to hear their song. }
 To Da - vid's roy - al Son. } Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! ho -
 They too shall be the Lord's. }

Palm Sunday.—Concluded.



san-na! He let them still at-tend him, And smiled to hear their song.

121 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

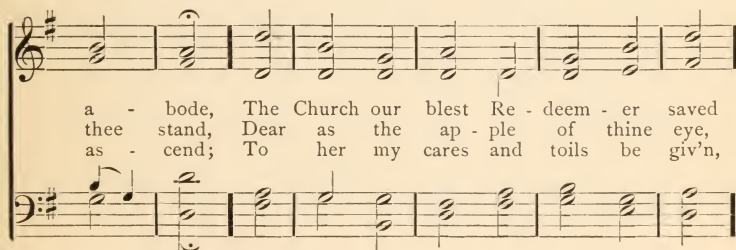
Tune—ST. THOMAS.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

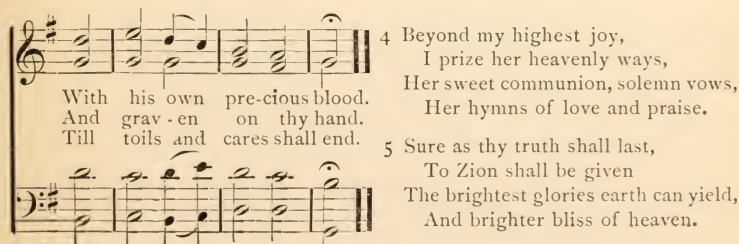
GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine
 2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers



a - bode, The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved
 thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye,
 as - cend; To her my cares and toils be giv'n,



With his own pre-cious blood.
 And grav - en on thy hand.
 Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy,
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

122 Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd.

Tune—REGENT SQUARE.

1 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to thee;
Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom may we be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

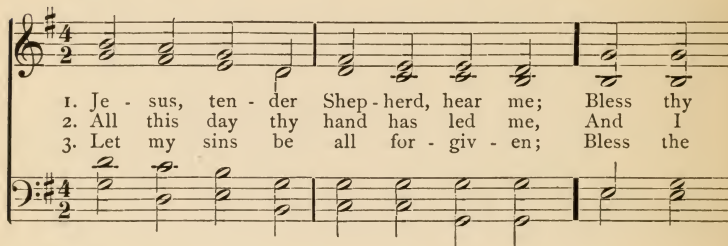
2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From thy fold to go astray;
By thy look of love directed

May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

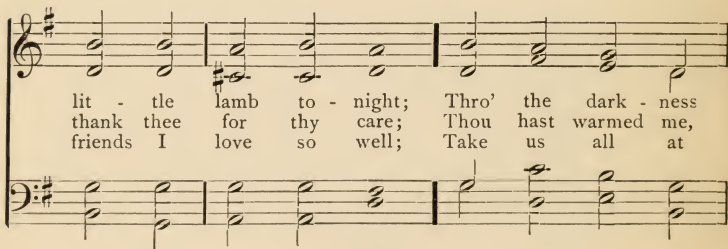
3 Taught to list the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then with all thy saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

JANE E. LEESON and J. WHITTEMORE.

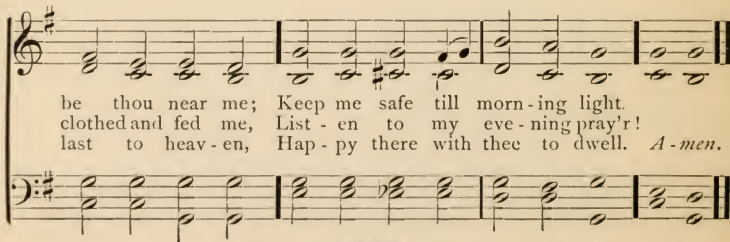
123 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me,



1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless thy
2. All this day thy hand has led me, And I
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the



lit - tle lamb to - night; Thro' the dark - ness
thank thee for thy care; Thou hast warmed me,
friends I love so well; Take us all at



be thou near me; Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
clothed and fed me, List - en to my eve - ning pray'r!
last to heav - en, Hap - py there with thee to dwell. A - men.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Tune—CHURCH.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I
 3. What peace - ful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their

heav'n - ly frame; A light to shine up - on the road
 saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view
 mem - 'ry still! But they have left an ach - ing void

That leads me to the Lamb!
 Of Je - sus and his word?
 The world can nev - er fill.

125 Return, O Wanderer.

Tune—CHURCH.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 What'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek thy Father's face;
 Those new desires which in thee burn
 Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
 He hears thy humble sigh:
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
 Thy Saviour bids thee live:
 Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
 How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe the falling tear:
 Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
 'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
 Regain thy long-sought rest:
 The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
 To clasp thee to his breast.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

Tune—WELLESLEY.

LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.

1. God is love; his mer - cy bright-ens All the path in
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and

which we rove; Bliss he wakes and woe he light-ens; God is
a - ges move; But his mer - cy wan - eth nev - er; God is

wis - dom, God is love.
wis - dom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness
prove;
From the gloom his brightness
streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every-where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

127 Souls of Men.

Tune—WELLESLEY.

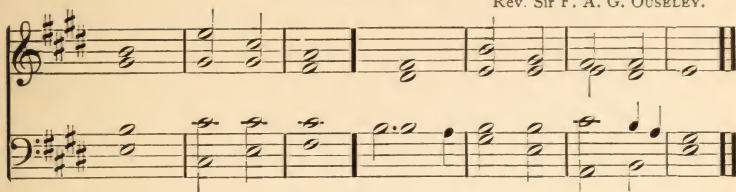
- 1 Souls of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
- 2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round his feet?
- 3 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this,
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.
- 4 But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.
- 5 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER.

Laudate Dominum.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY.



Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises | unto • our God: || for
it is | pleasant • and | praise • is | comely.

The Lord doth build up Je - | ru - sa - | lem: || he gathereth together the |
out - casts of | Is - ra - | el.

He healeth those that are | broken • in | heart: || and | bind - eth | up • their
| wounds.

He covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth | rain • for the | earth: ||
he maketh the grass to | grow • up - | on • the | mountains.

He giveth to the | beast • his | food: || and to the | young • = | ravens • which
| cry.

Praise the Lord, | O • Je - | rusalem: || praise thy God, | O • = | Si - = | on.

For he hath strengthened the bars | of • thy | gates: || he hath blessed thy
| chil - dren with - | in = | thee.

He maketh peace | in • thy | borders: || and filleth thee with the | fin - est |
of • the | wheat.

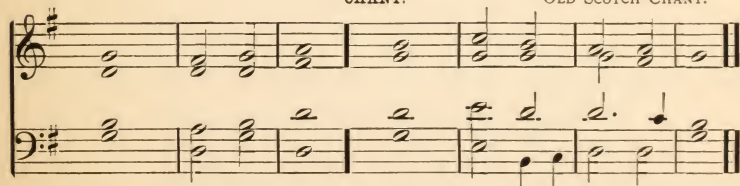
Glory be to the Father, | and • to the | Son: || and | to • the | Ho - ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be: || world with -
| out • end. | A - = | men.

Domini Est Terra.

CHANT.

OLD SCOTCH CHANT.



The earth is the Lords, and all that | there - in | is: || the compass of the
world, and | they • that | dwell • there - | in.

For he hath founded it up - | on • the | seas: || and prepared it • up - | on •
the | floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill | of • the | Lord: || or who shall rise up |
in • his | ho - ly | place?

Domini Est Terra.—Concluded.

Even he that hath clean hands and a | pure * = | heart: || and that hath not lift
up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn | to • de - | ceive • his | neighbor.

He shall receive the blessing | from • the | Lord: || and righteousness from
the | God • of | his • sal - | vation.

This is the generation of them that | seek * = | him: || even of them that |
seek • thy | face, • O | Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever - | last - ing | doors: ||
and the King of | glo - ry | shall • come | in.

Who is the | King • of | glory: || It is the Lord strong and mighty, even
the | Lord • = | mighty • in | battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever - | last - ing | doors: ||
and the King of | glo - ry | shall • come | in.

Who is the | King • of | glory: || Even the Lord of hosts, | he • is the |
King • of | glory.

Glo - ry be to the Father, | and • to the | Son: || and | to • the | Ho - ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be: || world with - |
out • end. | A - = | men.

130

A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

Tune—BOYLSTON.

LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,—

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

My Country! 'tis of Thee.

Tune—AMERICA.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY. Ad. from DR. JOHN BULL.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
 Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's

pil-grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
 tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

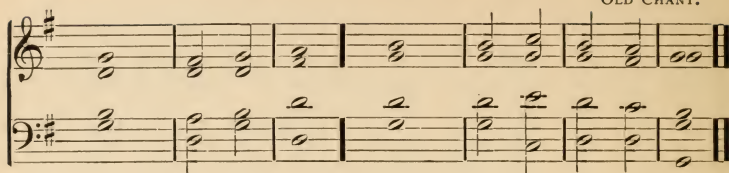
God Bless Our Native Land!

Tune—AMERICA.

1 God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night:
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do thou our country save
 By thy great might!

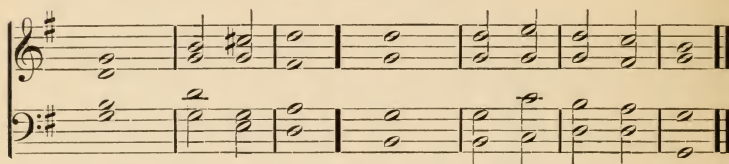
2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On him we wait:
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State!

JOHN S. DWIGHT.



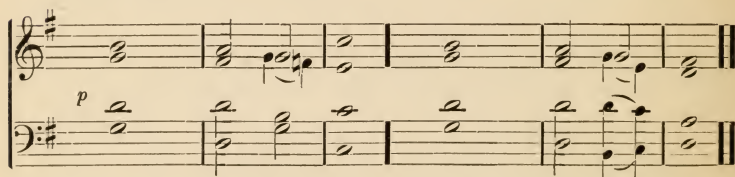
Glory be to | God • on | high: || and on earth | peace, • good- | will • towards |
men.

We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worsh.p | thee: || we glorify thee, we give
thanks to | thee • for | thy • great | glory.



O Lord God, | heaven-ly | King: || God the | Fa-ther | Al- = | mighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Je-sus | Christ: || O Lord God, Lamb of
God,—Son • = | of • the | Father.

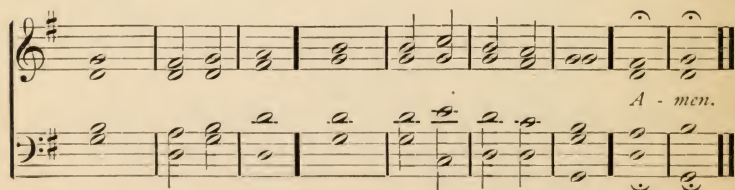


That takest away the | sins • of—the | world: || have mercy up- | on • = | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins • of—the | world: || have mercy up- | on • = | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins • of—the | world: || re- | ceive • our | prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God • the | Father: || have mercy
up- | on • = | us.



For thou only | art • = | holy: || thou | on-ly | art • the | Lord.

Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost: || art most high in the |
glory • of | God • the | Father. || A- | men.

Therefore with angels and arch-
angels, and with all the company of } heaven. We laud and magnify }
thy glorious..... } name,

Ev - er - more prais - ing thee, and say - ing:

crescendo.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts;

f

Heaven and earth are full of..... thy glo - ry:

p *cres.* *f*

Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord, Most High. A - men.

The Apostles' Creed.

(With Harmony.)

VOICES IN UNISON.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, } { And in Jesus Christ his only }
 Maker of heaven and earth, } { Son, our Lord;

Harmony for the Organ only.

pia. *dim.*
 Who was conceived by } Born of the Virgin }
 the Holy Ghost, } Mary; } Suffered under Pontius Pilate,

pp *cres* - - - -
 Was crucified, dead, and buried; The third day he rose from the dead;

- - - - *cen* - - - - *do.*
 He ascended } { And sitteth on the right } { From thence he shall }
 into heaven, } { hand of God the Fa- } { come to judge the }
 } { ther Almighty; } { quick and the }
 } { } { dead.

The Apostles' Creed.—Concluded.

f Voices in harmony.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Catholic Church; The Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life ever-last-ing. *A - men.*

136

The Ten Doctrines of Grace (Bishop Vincent), as held in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

1. I believe that all men are sinners.
2. I believe that God the Father loves all men, and hates all sin.
3. I believe that Jesus Christ died for all men, to make possible their salvation from sin, and to make sure the salvation of all who believe in him.
4. I believe that the Holy Spirit is given to all men, to enlighten and to incline them to repent of their sins and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.
5. I believe that all who repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ receive the forgiveness of sin. [This is justification.]

RESPONSE.

Lord, we pray thee, bless us now, and give us all thy

The Ten Doctrines.—Concluded.

grace in our hearts. We be - seech.... thee....

6. I believe that all who receive the forgiveness of sin are at the same time made new creatures in Jesus Christ. [This is regeneration.]
7. I believe that all who are made new creatures in Jesus Christ are accepted as the children of God. [This is adoption.]
8. I believe that all who are accepted as the children of God may receive the inward assurance of the Holy Spirit to that fact. [This is the witness of the Spirit.]
9. I believe that all who truly desire and seek it, may love God with all their heart and soul, mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. [This is entire sanctification.]
10. I believe that all who persevere to the end, and only those, shall be saved in heaven forever. [This is the true final perseverance.]

RESPONSE.

Lord, we pray thee, bless us now, and give us all thy

grace in our hearts. We be - seech ... thee....

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TITLES AND FIRST LINES.

To facilitate the finding of Hymns the *Titles* are set in SMALL CAPS on the margin, and *First Lines* in Roman, slightly to the right.

The names of old tunes, such as "Austria" and "Autumn" which are neither titles nor first lines, will be found among the first lines in Roman.

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